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THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

In this issue

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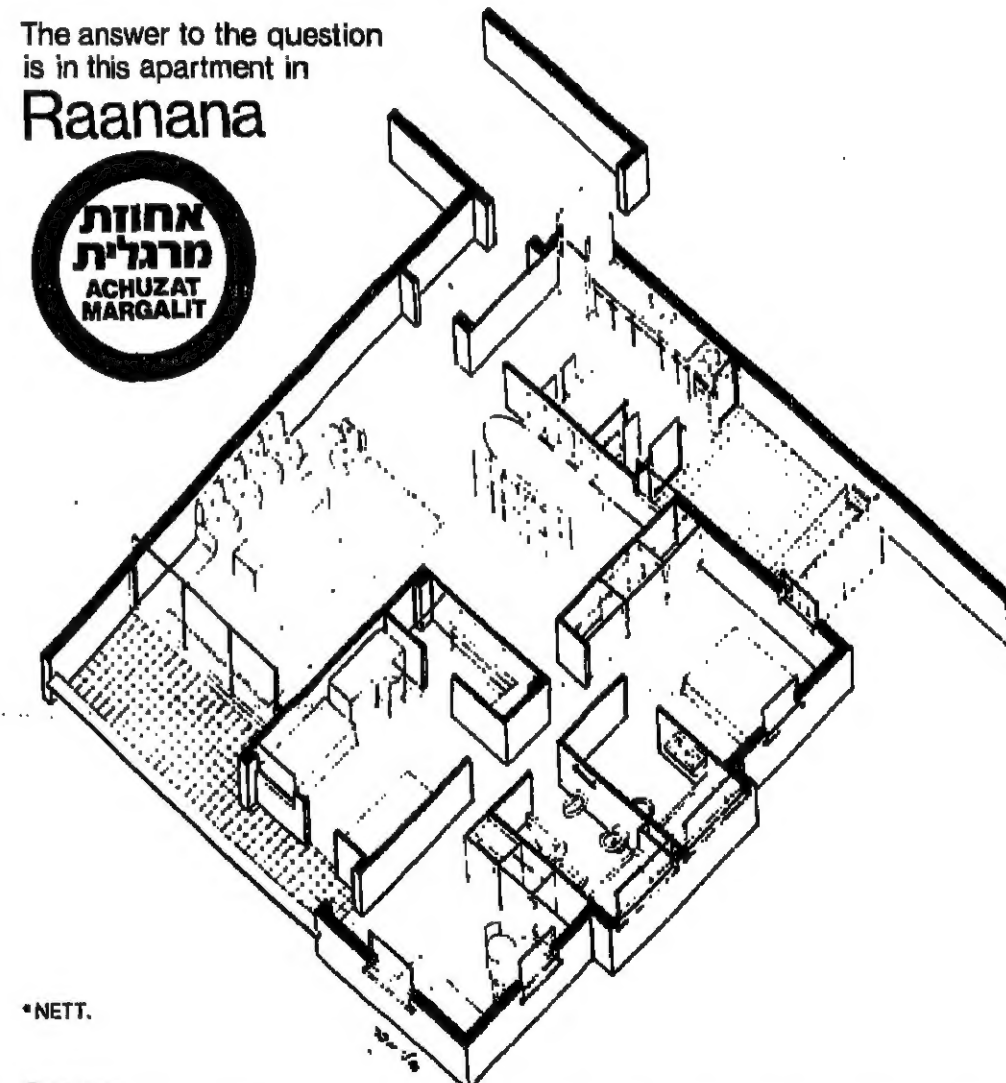
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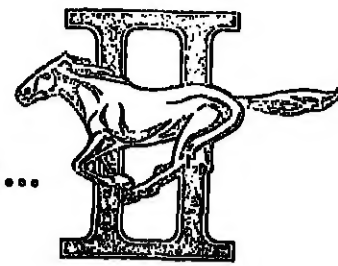
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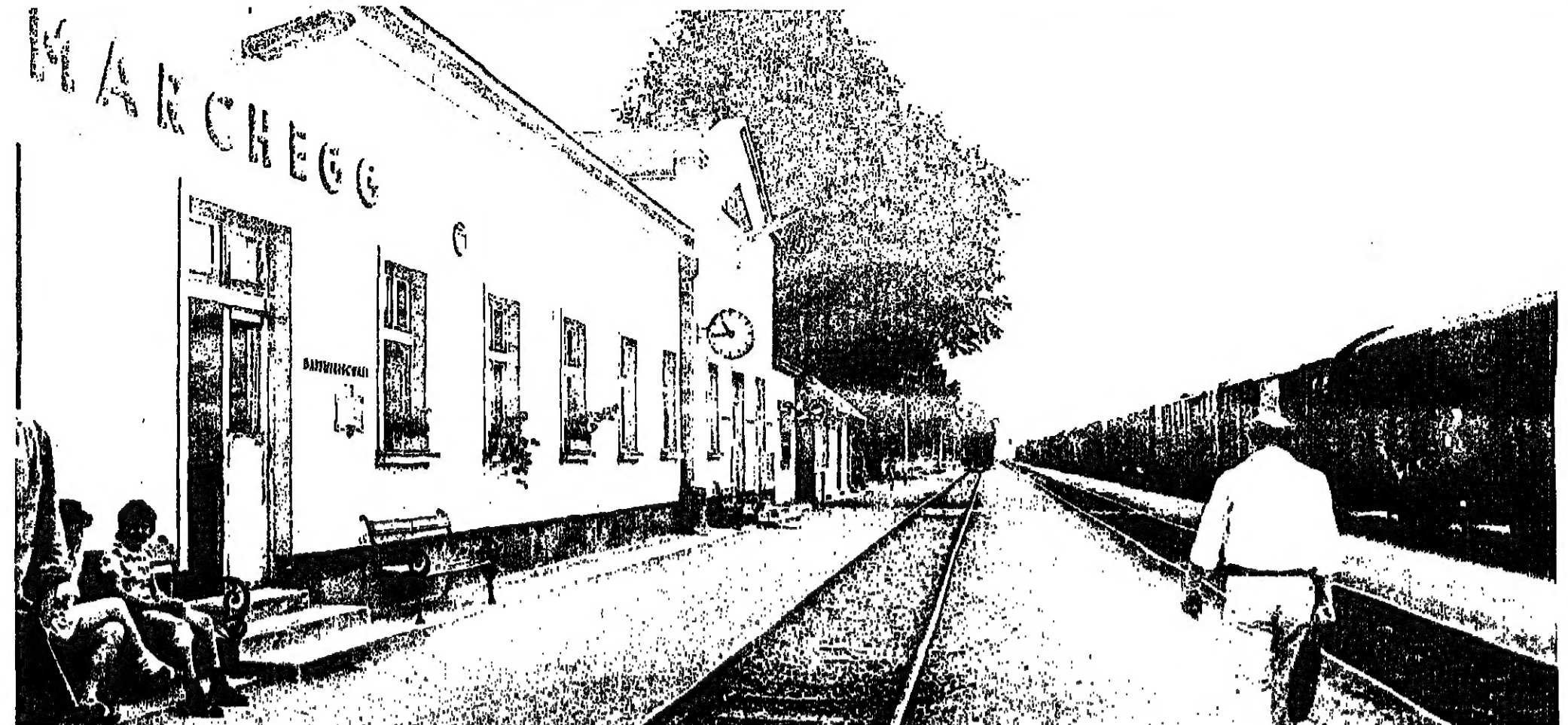
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A Jewish Agency official waiting for immigrants to arrive at Marchegg station on the Czech-Austrian border, where last week's terrorist action took place. (David Rubliger)

ENCOUNTER IN VIENNA

Shortly after Prime Minister Golda Meir concluded her meeting with Chancellor Bruno Kreisky in Vienna this week, Post Correspondent JACK MAURICE arrived in the Austrian capital to cover the scene. Here is his report on some popular, and not so popular, reactions to the Chancellor's decision to close down Schoenau castle as a half-way station for Soviet Jews emigrating to Israel.

AN AUSTRIAN security official frisked me as I prepared to board a Swissair airliner for Zurich at Schwechat airport, shortly after Golda Meir's departure, and said with unconcealed relief: "Thank God she's gone, and let's hope we don't see too many more of her people here."

The security man was certainly echoing the viewpoint of most Austrians over Chancellor Bruno Kreisky's decision to close down the facilities for Soviet Jews bound for Israel at Schoenau Castle, the Jewish Agency's transit centre near Vienna.

A few hours earlier, while I mingled with Viennese bystanders outside the massive Bundeskanzleramt on the 18th century Ballhausplatz, where the Israeli Premier and Austrian Chancellor were in conference, I received the same reaction. Heinz Hafner, a young law student, told me:

"The Israelis seem to be hysterical. Dr. Kreisky has the overwhelming support of our people here over his handling of the Schoenau affair."

But a visitor who questions the studiously indolent Viennese soon discovers that their satisfaction at being let off the hook by their Government does not prevent them from admiring the elderly lady who made an improvised flying trip here this week in order to safeguard the welfare of her people.

"Golda's got guts," said an aging Viennese, puffing on a massive pipe as he watched Mrs. Meir's limousine whisk her away from Dr. Kreisky's office after two hours of fruitless argument.

Kreisky's is by no means an enviable lot. Simon Wiesenthal, director of the Jewish Documentation Centre in Vienna, who has been responsible for running to ground hundreds of war criminals, is certainly not one of his most steadfast admirers. Wiesenthal's viewpoint is naturally poles apart from that of the average Viennese.

The professional Nazi head-hunter says: "Nobody can fail to be aware that Kreisky suffers from an anti-Jewish complex. Because he is a Jew, he has never been prepared to take a decision favourable to the Jewish people or to Israel."

"He has a brother who now lives in Israel. Even before Kreisky became Austria's Foreign Minister, the Israeli Government invited him to Jerusalem but Kreisky refused, although he was delighted to go to Cairo to meet Nasser. In order to understand what has happened over the past few days, you have to understand his mental framework."

"During the dramatic hours last weekend, when the terms for the release of the hostages at Schwechat airport were being negotiated, it was Kreisky himself who offered conditions for their safety, by proposing to close Schoenau and put an end to group transit arrangements through Austria..."

Like many Austrians, Wiesenthal is convinced that, since Kreisky has not fixed any date for discontinuing the Schoenau facilities, nothing will be changed at least until the next Palestinian attack on Austrian soil or property.

Wiesenthal says: "You can be sure the Palestinians will start again, either in Austria or against Austrian establishments outside the country. By treating the 'Eagles of the Revolution' as equals, the Chancellor has unfortunately created a precedent and he himself risks becoming its first victim."

BUT WIESENTHAL'S view is regarded here as an extreme. International condemnation of Kreisky's capitulation is considered an impertinence on the part of countries which have either yielded to Arab terrorists' demands, or at least guaranteed them a safe passage. The Austrians feel they have no lessons to learn from anybody in this respect.



Bruno Kreisky and his Israeli brother Paul (below). (Barzilev)



So Chancellor Kreisky can look forward to the local elections, which are due to be held in Austria two weeks from now, with the assurance that his political position will be unimpaired.

The Austrians feel that, having given haven to refugees from Eastern Europe long before the Soviet Union opened the gates to Jews bound for Israel, they do not deserve the criticism which is being heaped upon them. Not so long ago, Pope Paul VI described Austria as "an island of bliss" in a troubled world. This image has been exploded at Schwechat.

The Austrians feel particularly exposed, because the fedayeen gang who seized the Jewish and Austrian hostages on the Czechoslovak border were the first Arab commando to make a spectacular incursion from Eastern Europe. The suspected connivance of the Czech authorities is extremely alarming for the Austrians. They wonder whether the Czechs, who already have the murder of the director of the O.R.T. school in Prague on their conscience, are abetting new crimes.

The Austrians are hoping that either the United Nations or the United States will rescue them from their present embarrassment. They hope that Mrs. Meir was dropping more than a hint when she suggested in Strasbourg this week that the U.S. was seeking an alternative exit channel to Austria for Soviet Jewry.

They draw attention to Mrs. Meir's passing remark to journalists at the headquarters of the 17-nation Council of Europe that the Americans are "very sensitive" to the problem of Soviet emigrants. "They may be doing something to help solve the problem, maybe something is going on," she added.

THE AUSTRIANS are also interested in the possibility of help from the Dutch, who have represented Israel interests in the So-

viet Union since Moscow broke off relations with Jerusalem in 1987.

Dutch officials in Strasbourg said their Government was reluctant to make a public offer to intervene right away, "because this would make things really too easy for the Austrian Chancellor."

If Kreisky was really planning his hopes on a positive response from the U.N. to his suggestion that Schoenau be placed under the protection of the High Commissioner for Refugees, he must have had a rude awakening when he heard of Secretary-General Waldheim's decision that the U.N.'s Refugee division had no authority in the matter, since the transient Jews are not refugees.

So the wrangling continues in Vienna and elsewhere over the fate of transit facilities for Soviet Jews. But the refugee trains continue to halt at the border between Czechoslovakia and Austria to unload their passengers. At Schoenau Castle, it is business as usual as the travellers arrive on the last lap of their aliya.

Discreet minibuses still drive up to the white stucco Schloss which was renovated by the Jewish Agency at a cost of \$700,000 to house its temporary guests. A huge menora and an illuminated sign over the gateway wish them "Shalom" in Hebrew and Russian.

Inside, Lieutenant-Colonel Lutan and his staff do their utmost to make them comfortable during their brief stay, although the Austrian cook's food is so unappetising that visitors claim she must be anti-Semitic. Because of Yom Kippur, this weekend may mean a longer stopover than usual for the bewildered emigrants. With the memory of last weekend's drama still fresh in their minds, they will probably be glad to know that, in spite of his gentleman's agreement with the fedayeen, Chancellor Kreisky has ordered extra gendarmes and police dogs to patrol the woods around Schoenau.

HOW CAN A MURDERER REPENT?

It is still being debated whether the main purpose of jail should be to reform the criminal or to protect society. There is no question, however, that prisons — and not in Israel alone — have made a poor job of curing their inmates. What, then, is to be done about the habitual criminal? YITZHAK OKED sought the answers from Prisons Commissioner Gundar Arie Nir, Hebrew University criminologist Leslie Sebba, and an anonymous recidivist in Ramle Prison.



By the authority of the heavenly tribunal and of the court below, with divine sanction and with the sanction of this holy congregation, we declare it lawful to pray together with those who have transgressed.

THE significance of those words, the opening of the Kol Nidrei prayer to be recited this evening—especially the word "transgressor"—is probably felt more strongly than anywhere else in those small minyanim held behind prison bars. The prison authorities see to it that every prisoner has a synagogue with prayer books, and even brings a cantor from "outside" to conduct the prayers during the High Holy days. The Prisons Commissioner, Gundar Arie Nir, says that during this season the Jewish prisoners seem to become quieter.

"Whether they are thinking about their sins or not, I wouldn't know. But I presume that some of those who had any sort of religious education, do feel a little clutch at their hearts."

One convict I asked why he went to the prison synagogue, especially since he was not religious, tried to dismiss the whole matter with a shrug of the shoulders: "There's nothing better to do here and anyway, I like the way the cantor sings."

After a few more questions, I learned that he would be fasting on Yom Kippur. Again he tries the cynical answer: "It's the only day you can go on a hunger strike and nothing'll happen to you."

But after a bit, his armour-plating cracks, and you conduct a normal conversation. He explains that he goes to synagogue in a year when he happens to be "in the mood" for it. Several factors contribute to "the mood": Whether his cellmates are going (this year all three of them are, and fasting as well); whether everything is all right with his family; whether he will get special holiday "leave" to see them; and, of course, how long he still has to serve.

But the small congregation of convicts in the prison synagogue seem to be suspicious of their fellow-inmates and their true intentions in coming to pray. A convicted burglar said this to me:

"Often when I walk into the synagogue, I feel like walking right out. I take one look at the faces of those who have come to pray, and my blood begins to boil. They are defiling the synagogue. How can a murderer pray? How can he repent?"

taught the simple discipline of work. So when a chap like that comes into our hands, we start off by teaching him. Some of them don't even know how to read or write. We also start giving them jobs to do, and for many of them, it's the first time in their lives they've done any work.

"We don't force anyone to study or work; the prisoner soon learns that it's worth his while. If he goes to work, he receives a nominal wage. If he studies, he gets special privileges, which are taken away the minute he starts acting up."

"In a short while we try to do is to let the convict spend his term in such a way that, when he leaves prison, he can — if he wants — make good use of what we've taught him here, and if he's strong enough, throw off those inner urges that brought him to prison in the first place."

"Of course, some of them just don't have a strong enough character. And some of them reach us too late; their minds and bodies are already poisoned, and we are unable to help them."

GUNDAR NIR is also very pessimistic about the future: crimes are becoming more brutal, and there seems to be an increase of drug users, especially in the underworld. "This is happening not only in Israel, but all over the world. We have more prisoners in jail today than we ever had. Before the Six Day War, we had an average of about 1,200 prisoners in jail, with a maximum of about 1,600. Today, the average is about 2,200 and this is without the Fatah. You've also got to remember that today's crimes are more serious than they were six or seven years ago. That means stiffer sentences, keeping the convicts here for a longer time."

The Prisons Commissioner says that the best chances of getting offenders to "go straight" are with the juvenile delinquents, but even here the prospects are often not very hopeful.

"The problem is that by the time they reach us, they are nearly rotten through and through. When a youngster like that gets caught the first time, he is sent for observation; a second time, and he's put under the care of a probation officer. If that doesn't help, he is sent to some sort of 'closed' institution."

Then — and only then — the hard-core cases, who have been sifted out through these long processes of the law, arrive at our prisons. He may only be a 15-year-old, with the face of an angel, but he usually has a long list of offences and has had experience with drugs. Now, to transform a youth like that into a law abiding citizen is no easy matter. We do our best, and we have had some success — 30 per cent, and it depends on how you look at the glass, whether it's half full or half empty.

Of these 350 youngsters, we manage to send a group of about 30 to the army each year. Some of them succeed in sticking it out for three years, and become model citizens, others are back in crime and in prison long before their army service is over.

"We're putting a lot of effort into retraining these youngsters. Many of them simply could not read or write, and some of them we even have to teach how to hold a fork and spoon. At Tel Mond prison, 220 of the 350 youngsters are doing what we call a 'long school day,' an elementary and high-school studies, and vocational training."

With a note of pride in his voice, Gundar Nir reveals that in a couple of months' time they are going to try a new experiment in the battle to rehabilitate the habitual criminal: The "half-way house," which is a sort of a hostel, will allow a prisoner who has a couple of months to

go before finishing his term to start getting accustomed to life and a job "outside." The prison authorities believe that this will have a sort of "pressure chamber" effect on the convict, and will also help the prisoner to iron out his smaller problems. In its first stage, the "halfway house" will house 24 men.

LESLIE SEBBA, an instructor at the Institute of Criminology of the Hebrew University's Faculty of Law, believes that one of the reasons that most attempts at correction are doomed to failure is because "irrationally, straight, they've got a chance. But the real problem starts when they leave here. They get a few pounds, a free meal or two with the compliments of a Prisoners' Rehabilitation Society — and then they're on their own. If guys like that don't have a family to go to, like I have, their chances of being rehabilitated are nil."

Mr. Sebba thinks that the prison authorities should liberalize the regime, by allowing a prisoner more contact with the outside world — perhaps by increasing the "leave" he gets to be with his family and to participate in work-release schemes — and, if he is a "good" prisoner, by reducing his sentence even further.

Mr. Sebba has made a study of the effects of the 1967 amnesty. It consisted basically of a three-year follow-up of the prisoners amnestied in 1967 and of two control groups released before that. In the three years following the amnesty, 67.1 per cent of the released prisoners were reconvicted; 67.4 per cent of the control group were reconvicted. This seems to show that, amnesty or not, about the same number of prisoners return to crime and prison.

However, Mr. Sebba thinks that if anyone is planning another amnesty some of his other findings will be of use. According to him, man who have not been imprisoned before reaching the age of 30 have a 15 per cent chance of "going straight." Of this group, 74 per cent did not return to prison during the three-year period. On the other hand, of those who had been imprisoned before the age of 20, only 23 per cent managed to stay out during the three-year period.

TO FIND out what is theory and what is reality, I decided to interview a recidivist. Behind the walls of Ramle Prison I met someone I will call Avraham. He is 39 years old, married, and the father of four children. His present three-year term is his fifth stint in prison — all for burglary.

Avraham, a heavy-set man, tall, grey-eyed and grey haired, looks at least 15 years older than his age. He has been in and out of jail since he was 20.

Question: Is this your last time behind bars?
Answer: Sure, I've decided to quit, to retire.

Q. Why?
A. I was only doing it for my children's sake. My oldest daughter is now in the army and my oldest son is 17, and I don't want them to take an example from me. When they were small and visited me here, my wife would tell them that I was in the army. But now they're grown up they know everything, so I've decided that this is it. If it wasn't for the children, I'd continue in the "trade."

Q. Do you have a real trade?
A. Sure, I'm a mechanic. I always earned quite well at it, too...

Q. But?
A. I always looked around and saw how other people were living, and decided that I deserved that sort of good life too. I always set myself a goal; I would

"make" a certain amount of money, and then I'd retire. The trouble is, I never made it. Each time I was released from prison I started again, but I never managed to reach my target.

Q. So you don't think that prison can reform a man?
A. A man can only be reformed if he really wants to be. No preaching, nothing, helps. But I'll tell you, I've seen a lot of guys here who never really wanted to start, but somehow or other they "fell." Mainly the ones who never had an education. Suddenly they receive an education and learn a trade here, and then they decide to go straight. They've got a chance. But the real problem starts when they leave here. They get a few pounds, a free meal or two with the compliments of a Prisoners' Rehabilitation Society — and then they're on their own. If guys like that don't have a family to go to, like I have, their chances of being rehabilitated are nil."

Q. What about these Rehabilitation Societies?
A. I don't think they're any good. Up to now they've been voluntary organizations with hardly any money. If the Government was to run them, with enough money, then maybe they'd be able to help.

Q. Would you volunteer to work for a society like that when you get out?
A. Never! If I was going to volunteer for anything, perhaps I'd go to Magen David Adom — following the amnesty, 67.1 per cent of the released prisoners were reconvicted; 67.4 per cent of the control group were reconvicted. This seems to show that, amnesty or not, about the same number of prisoners return to crime and prison.

Fifteen years ago, we were more friendly. Today especially in large cells with eight or more prisoners, they are always quarrelling over petty things. On the other hand, during the past of "going straight." Of this group, 74 per cent did not return to prison during the three-year period. On the other hand, of those who had been imprisoned before the age of 20, only 23 per cent managed to stay out during the three-year period.

Q. What about food?
A. Well, you can't compare it to the Sheraton, but no one walks away hungry. You might feel a bit better sometimes for a good schnitzel or a steak, but on the whole the food is quite substantial. If I ever feel I could eat more, then I take another slice of bread, or buy some waffles in the canteen. (Prisoners are allowed to buy things in the canteen, with money they earn from work.)

Q. So how would you sum up the question about helping prisoners not to return to jail?
A. First of all it depends on the prisoner: he must want to be reformed. Then, he needs to be given much more individual treatment than he's getting today. You need more social workers for this, and a strong rehabilitation society that will be waiting for him when he gets out.

MR. SEBBA'S conclusion was much the same. "The most important thing is not only that the offender himself should make the utmost effort to reintegrate himself in society, but that society — especially managers and owners of factories and businesses who are in a position to employ ex-prisoners — should display a more understanding attitude for their predicament. The State too, as a mass employer, has a role to play."

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הכנאן לחיפה

Judgment on Munich

Thirty-five years ago, on September 29, 1938, in the city of Munich, Britain and France signed away the future of democratic Czechoslovakia in a pact with Hitlerite Germany. This was one of the most momentous political acts of the century. HEDVA BEN ISRAEL-KIDRON, who teaches modern history at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, probes the meaning of Munich.



MUNICH HAS become a byword for treachery. Almost exactly thirty-five years ago, the Prime Ministers of the great powers of Europe, notably Neville Chamberlain of Britain and Edouard Daladier of France, met at Munich to sign away, at the point of Adolf Hitler's guns, the existence of the young (though perhaps not so brave) democracy of Czechoslovakia in order, there is no doubt, to save their own skins and, of course, to prevent war.

THE AGREEMENT reached in Munich on September 29, 1938, ended an international crisis over the cession to Germany of Czech territory largely inhabited by Germans. The rights of the Sudeten Germans within Czechoslovakia had been the subject of prolonged negotiations, which had reached a deadlock in September 1938. There was very real anxiety that war might break out. It was feared that Hitler might invade Czechoslovakia and snatch the territory he wanted by force. Or else that Czechoslovakia would resist, her French allies would come in, and then Britain might become involved. The final stage of the crisis was set off by Hitler's speech at Nuremberg on September 12, in which he demanded self-determination for the Sudeten Germans.

In an atmosphere of mounting tension, Chamberlain attempted personal diplomacy. He made two frantic visits to Hitler with the object of preventing Germany from using force and arriving instead at an agreed revision of the Czech-German frontier.

What happened was the German Chancellor presented ever-increasing demands for more and more Czech territory, and Chamberlain more or less rushed off to have them carried out. Britain and France put great pressure on Czechoslovakia to accept Hitler's demands, making clear they would not support her in case of war. President Benes rightly called the last Anglo-French demands an "ultimatum," and felt he had to yield. This was when a suggestion to call a conference made by Italy's Mussolini was accepted, and for the third time Chamberlain went to Germany. The Munich agreement which was then signed contains the details and the timetable for the occupation of the ceded territories.

As a symbol of the betrayal of friends and the appeasement of aggressors, Munich has transcended its time and place.

During the years of the Cold War, the West was repeatedly warned against appeasing Stalin as it had once appeased Hitler. At the time of the 1956 Suez crisis, the British Government under Anthony Eden was drawing an analogy: Nasser was acting like Hitler, therefore we must not act like Chamberlain. And only this week, the charge of Munich-like appeasement has been levelled at Chancellor Kresky of Austria.

Curiously, when in 1985 Giscard d'Estaing was returning from the Geneva summit conference, and had to speak on arrival out doors, when it happened to be raining, Vice President Nixon banned the use of umbrellas as a not to raise the ghost of Chamberlain returning from Munich. To the then Vice President,

as to most of his contemporaries in the West, Munich was still a warning against the encouragement of bullies. Now, as a moral principle, this is no doubt salutary; and as politics, it may or may not be relevant; but as history, it is nonsense, for the circumstances of 1938 are unrepeatable.

We still can and do argue about the immorality of Munich and it is certainly right and hopefully useful to expose and undermine the forces of cynicism in politics. But Munich is now also part of history, and one must ask certain practical questions.

Why did England and France agree to the carving up of Czechoslovakia, thus weakening her position to a degree which made her very existence impossible?

Were particular people influential in this decision, and was the policy popular?

Was it the best decision for the Western democracies under the circumstances?

What were the alternatives?

HISTORIANS DIFFER greatly in their interpretations. One widely accepted view is that the Munich agreement was the inevitable climax of the policy of appeasement pursued by Britain and France in their blindness to the far-reaching designs of Hitler, and in their vain hope of making agreements which would bind Hitler to function thereafter within a controlled, non-violent system.

According to this view, held by statesmen as distinguished as Winston Churchill and by historians such as Lewis Namier, Munich was the result of folly rather than crime, of a short-sighted policy. In politics, however, folly is crime.

The rival interpretation held by many left-wing historians and by all Soviet publicists is that, far from being the result of a blunder, Munich was the expression of a policy consistent with capitalist interests, of aiding and encouraging Hitler in his proclaimed intention of making Europe secure against Communism.

According to this view the appeasers were not men who hoped for an impossible peace; nor were they desperate men clutching at a straw to gain time to prepare for war. They were cunning statesmen who shrewdly intended to help Hitler along in his eastward march, thereby gaining his collaboration, and at the same time making him serve their purpose of pushing Soviet influence further away from their own doorstep.

A more extreme variation of this view holds that it was not only England and France who refused to cooperate with Russia in saving Czechoslovakia from the Germans. The Czech leadership itself preferred national humiliation (leading to political extinction) to Soviet military help, which they feared would lead to Soviet rule. "Better Hitler than Stalin" was, in this view also a Czech motive for committing suicide.

These are two rival interpretations advanced after the event as total explanations. But the men of 1938, debating the question of what was to be done about the German threat to Czechoslovakia, did so in different terms. Those who advocated and defended Chamberlain's policy of appeasement in the Cabinet in Parliament, in "The Times," in private circles or public speeches mostly advanced two arguments: that the Sudeten Germans within Czechoslovakia were entitled to self-determination; and that the sacrifices could justifiably be exacted from Czechoslovakia in order to prevent war. As Chamberlain himself put it, it was "horrible, fantastic, incredible" to contemplate the possibility of war "because of a quarrel in a far away country between people of whom we know nothing."



Edouard Daladier (left) and Benito Mussolini (right) helped to dismember Czechoslovakia.



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Contemporaries, therefore, tended to present the case in terms laid down in Hitler's speeches and diplomacy, as a question of national rights and the pacification of Europe. In helping to liquidate both Czechoslovakia and the Treaty of Versailles, the appeasers paradoxically believed themselves to be acting on the Wilsonian principle of self-determination which, 20 years earlier, had prompted the creation of Czechoslovakia.

Neither the sweeping generalizations nor the limited view of contemporaries satisfy us today. Munich was not merely a moral and political failure of certain persons, nor a phase of capitalist reaction. It was a European crisis in which several escalating processes long at work culminated dramatically. This, rather than the symbolic betrayal, made it the signpost of the road to war. Manchuria, Abyssinia, Spain also revealed the weakness of the European system but they need not have caused general war. Munich was different; it was planned as a springboard and it served as one.

IN NOVEMBER 1937, Hitler assembled his Chiefs of Staff and the Ministers of Defence and Foreign Affairs to a secret meeting, which was to be brought to light at the Nuremberg Trials, where it furnished the prosecution with tangible proof that Germany had willed and planned war. The evidence was contained in the "Hossbach memorandum," in which Hitler's adjutant recounted his master's address.

Hitler made it clear that gaining *lebensraum* at the expense of other countries was now the practical aim of German policy, and he named Austria and Czechoslovakia as the immediate targets for conquest. He worked out the number of extra divisions he could enlist from those countries once they had been annexed. The only question open, he said, was the timing of the operation.

The importance of this document as proof of Germany's guilt in causing the 1939 war has been questioned and argued. But nobody denies that it dates the political decision to conquer Austria and Czechoslovakia, and its transmission to the armed forces for action.

The purging from the High Command of the old and conservative officers (von Blomberg, von Fritsch and Foreign Minister von Neurath), who were not enthusiastic about the new policy, was a sequel to this meeting. The Austrian Anschluss came four months later, and on its morrow, world attention was focused on the fate of Czechoslovakia which was rightly surmised to be next in line. The beginning of Hitler's open and fierce support of the Sudeten Germans must be viewed as a practical step in the implementation of a new policy.

Germany's new Czech policy had its counterpart within Czechoslovakia. Whereas up till then the activists had led the German population in its demands for greater autonomy within the framework of the constitution, it was the Sudeten German leader, Konrad Henlein and the Nazis who took over command from now on. The agreement which the activists had satisfactorily reached with the Czech Government in 1937 was the cue for a sharp turn in Sudetendeutsche Partei policy, and the cue was given from Berlin.

The instructions from Berlin were to demand more than could possibly be conceded, the object being, of course, to precipitate a crisis which would justify German intervention. The new demands were for a German state within-a-state with its own Nazi government and laws, and for a new German-satellite foreign policy for Czechoslovakia as a whole.

EDWARD BENES, the Czech President, understood this perfectly when on September 4, he put in front of the German leaders a blank sheet of paper as good as signed by him and invited them, to their unconcealed horror, to fill in their demands. He meant to give their game away, but Nazi policy was not ashamed. Although Benes conceded to this "fourth plan" dictated by the Sudeten leaders, they went away to torpedo it by provoking incidents in the Sudeten area.

In the West too, a trend was coming to a head. In Britain, the new Prime Minister, Neville Chamberlain, was ridding his councils of anti-appeasers. The anti-Italian Foreign Secretary, Anthony Eden and Vansittart of the Foreign Office—the only convinced anti-Germans in high circles—were silenced at about the same time as Hitler's non-Nazi officers. The stage was cleared for the establishment of greater harmony between Berlin and London. The more tenacious Berlin, the more resilient London—ideal conditions for the pursuit of an aggressive foreign policy.

And France? France was praying to be forced to yield. Her Government was divided, her internal frictions were menacing. Some noble voices were heard, including occasionally that of the Prime Minister, Daladier, in favour of carrying out France's treaty obligations to Czechoslovakia. But the policy which was that of the Foreign Minister, the slippery Georges Bonnet, whose object was easy to achieve for one who cared nothing for truth.

His object was that Czechoslovakia should be abandoned to her fate; that it should seem as if Czechoslovakia herself had asked to be allowed to be raped in peace; that it should also seem that France had given in to Czech demands for inaction only because she could not hope for British support in saving her ally; that it should also be plain

that neither Poland nor Rumania would give passage to Soviet forces, without which French military help would be wasted, and that the Franco-Russian agreement to aid Czechoslovakia should therefore become inoperative. To the Germans Bonnet presented a different picture, magnifying his services to them. All this he achieved by a tortuous diplomacy which was only exposed much later, mainly by a Jewish historian, Namier.

When all this has been said about Munich, however, the question remains:

WAS IT INEVITABLE? Or was there another way out?

We know that nearly the whole of Britain and Parliament were deliciously happy with Chamberlain's Munich agreement. If he felt it was the best way to secure peace, millions believed the same.

Britain was glad of the respite. She considered herself unprepared for war, and there was certainly widespread distaste for the idea of joining Soviet Russia in a war against Germany over Czechoslovakia.

This is not to say that anti-Soviet considerations can be traced to the decision-making records. On the contrary, Cabinet papers reveal nothing of the sort. It cannot be proved that Munich was an "anti-Soviet plot." We do know what the personal sentiments of the people involved were; and, more important, we know from their reports how little the military experts thought of Russian power. After the purge, it was also felt that a regime which had wiped out half its High Command on charges of treason could either have been just but very weak, or else unjust and damnable.

In any case, the Russian forces were even less to count on. We cannot prove that anti-Communism was an overriding cause of Munich; yet we know that the Russians were deliberately kept out and resented it. When Churchill, a few days after Munich, said in the Commons, "Between submission and immediate war there was a third alternative"—that is, a combination including Russia—it is not clear whether he meant a combination to fight Germany at once or to deter her by calling her bluff. Either result was uncertain, for the blundering of the policy of appeasement was more damaging than a fear of Communism and a reluctance to join with Russia would have been.

It was not only Russia but also the United States which was excluded. The worst mistake of Chamberlain's policy, pursued in the face of disproportionate growths of power, had been to imagine that Europe could still settle its own affairs. Twenty years after it had required America's strength to beat Germany, Chamberlain hoped he could contain that country's expansion practically single-handed while ignoring America and antagonizing Russia.

It was this terrible error of judgment which, indeed, made Munich inevitable and thereby, perhaps, the outbreak of World War II.

THE MAIN movements converging on Munich emerged from World War I and its aftermath. The multi-national state of Czechoslovakia, founded in 1918 on the contradictory ideas of self-determination and ancient rights, proved a time-bomb not merely in the world of ideas.

Three and a half million Austrian Germans were included in the new state, under loud protest. They had no border with Austria and could not very well be handed over to Germany. This would have deprived the new state of its fortified mountain stronghold, for centuries the most impregnable border in Europe between East and West. It would also rob the new state of a highly industrialized area and carve up an economically interdependent unit.

Could all this be done in order to present defeated and condemned Germany with a rare prize? It was unthinkable, and the Sudeten Germans were included in the new state to be ruled by the Slav nation they had for centuries held down. This problem of a national minority, unsolved by the Peace Treaty of 1919, was one of the roots of 1938.

Another beginning is to be sought in Germany itself. How defeat, condemnation and penalties bred in Germany a state of affairs conducive to the rise of Nazism is beside our point. What concerns us is that the new regime gave a new twist to traditional German nationalism, militarism and expansionism.

During the twenties, the German minority led by the activists cooperated with the Czech Government. Though it had many grievances, there was an agreed basis of proportionalism and regionalism for the improvement of minority rights.

The Czechs were too slow and not sufficiently generous about solutions. Power had gone to their heads, and there was a certain amount of discrimination. But the democratic principle was firmly established and agreement would probably have been reached if it were not for the economic crisis and the rise of Hitler. The former hit the Sudeten Germans hardest. The rise of Hitler—and his success in curing Germany of unemployment—helped to focus German hopes beyond the border. This was the origin of a Nazi Party within Czechoslovakia.

Still another source of Czechoslovakian predicament may be found in the weakening of the European political system. The fact that a tremendously idealistic and ambitious attempt to ensure peace and to protect small nations had failed, made the threat of force more naked and brutal than ever. For centuries, it was believed that progress was being made towards the rule of law. The failure of the League of Nations was not the failure of an institution but the extinction of a hope. Naturally, the strong came to rely on force, and the weak to live by intrigue and stratagem.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA became the proverbial exception to this rule.

Just as she was an island of political and social progress in East European backwardness, so in her foreign relations Czechoslovakia lived by her faith in

the international agreement from which she had sprung. She truly embodied the highest hopes of 1918 in democracy and international law. That she went on believing in the practical efficacy of these principles when no one else did was her undoing. To the last moment, Czechoslovakia hoped that her allies and friends would save her from brute force. It was they who made her yield.

Finally, there was, at the bottom of the Munich fiasco, a combination of what is referred to as British appeasement and French defeatism. Appeasement had many roots. Ever since the 1919 Peace Treaty which had roundly blamed Germany for the outbreak of the first war and meted out heavy punishment for it, there had been growing doubts and misgivings in England about the justice of the verdict, and even more about its wisdom.

As a movement appeasement gained from Keynes' book, "The Economic Consequences of the Peace," of which it was said that its practical effect on history could only be compared to that of the Koran. Keynes proved to Englishmen as early as 1921 that England's economic interest would benefit more from a reconstructed and trading Germany than from a Germany ravaged, drained of its resources, paralyzed in its economic activities by heavy reparations, and bitter towards its persecutors.

Disgust at what seemed like French revenge and intransigence and revulsion against the Soviet system also worked in what can be loosely called a "pro-German" direction. The Hitlerite regime was not liked but in many people it strengthened the feeling of guilt.

All this reinforced the tendency in Britain not to commit itself to any one side in Europe, a policy for which the now influential overseas Dominions were also pressing hard. There were a few lone voices in high places, notably that of Sir Robert Vansittart, that were explaining that German internal terror must lead to international terror. But most people firmly believed that foreign policy could not be based on speculation as to whether a certain ideology could be leading a foreign country.

Franco-German relations were more complicated, because of the mortal fear of the French that a Germany free to develop to its full stature in manpower and economic strength was bound to make another bid for hegemony. But France's anti-German policy eventually alienated Britain, and when the alternative policy of containing Germany on her eastern frontier through alliances also failed to produce results, France in her pessimism turned to reversing German enmity. From the moment she swallowed German rearmament of the Rhineland in 1936, it became clear that France had changed her tactics in the struggle for security. That she did so with bitter feelings towards Britain augured ill for their cooperation in a crisis.

THE FATEFUL TURN in all these European processes took place at the end of 1937 and the beginning of 1938.

In his third and concluding article on the economic programmes of the political factions standing for election this month, Economic Correspondent DAVID KRIVINE interviews a leader of the National Religious Party, and two representatives of the Labour Party, one ex-Ahdut Avoda, the other ex-Mapai.

YOU CAN'T EAT SLOGANS

MICHAEL HAZANI (N.R.P.) is a religious economist. There are things in economics which can be associated with Judaism, and there are things which cannot. This second category does not really interest him — matters like increasing the gross national product, nationalizing or de-nationalizing industries, how to divide the national cake between private and public consumption.

But there are Jewish moral imperatives that have a bearing on economic policy. "Thy brother shall live with thee," Welfare Minister Hazani, cites which means that we are brethren together, and must share the goods of life fairly between us. Also, the Jewish religion puts the accent on the spirit, and reproves any excessive preoccupation with worldly goods. He dislikes riches, display, materialism.

This makes him concerned primarily with narrowing the social gap. He wants it done both ways: by raising the floor and by improving the standards of the poor; and by lowering the ceiling, as he puts it — that is reducing excessive wealth through taxation and other means. He concedes disarming that very wealthy men in Israel are not generally observant anyway. This implies that the pursuit of money is a single-minded activity which does not leave much room for devotion to religious values. (We know a number of foreign Jews who are both wealthy and observant, but Hazani observes gently: "I'm speaking of Israeli Jews.")

Understandably, he is not enamoured of the multi-million dollar investment corporations. He dislikes the vainglory of physical achievements for their own sake — the biggest hotel, the tallest building, the largest processing plant. "You spring up, Brokoff?" ("What are you jumping for, man?" he asks, in a wry, worldly-wise tone.)

Big State-owned concerns should be sold, not to tycoon business companies, but to ordinary members of the public, through the issue of bonds and share certificates in small denominations. Hazani would offer up in this way Timna Copper, and even the Post Office. To him, the Israeli nation is made up of little people, the Jew-in-the-street, the congregants.

Everything follows from these good moral precepts: live more simply, so as to reduce the trade deficit; the outer world will not support you forever. Reduce subsidies, which do not (he says) narrow the social gap. Strike for better conditions if you are poor and underpaid. But do not strike because you have the power to extract concessions; do not strike in order to widen the differential between yourself and the lower-paid workers.

"We in the N.R.P. don't determine policy in the Government," he avows, "with, again, a touch of that humility which is part of the Jewish tradition." "We are a co-operative, who can apply the

emergency brakes if necessary, or blow the horn. Our contribution is to caution the authorities, to keep the moral imperatives before their eyes, to warn against abuses, to help, to influence."

Hazani does not go deeply into the controversial economic issues. He stands a little aside from the fray, tries instead to keep the broad ethical direction right.

We are left with those inside the Government who are directly responsible for the exercise of power. Their job is to defend the status quo, to answer criticisms made by others. Not for the first time, we are disturbed to discover how much stronger their arguments are than those of their opponents.

It is not that official policies are ultra-virtuous or impermeable to criticism. The failure is rather on the other side. The men who offer an alternative to 25 years of Mapai do not seem to suggest anything very different.

They criticize the Treasury for spending too much, but do not specify how they would spend less. To call again for a ban on public buildings is to flog a dead horse. Reducing the number of Ministries does not reduce the number of Government departments; it just groups them differently.

Selling the telephone service to a private company would not get rid of inflation. Running it with business funds instead of public funds makes no real difference (except, of course, for a one-time benefit if the Government freezes the money it receives from the buyer.)

Political differences between the parties are, in fact, more a matter of ideology than economics.

ADIEL AMORAI (Labour) was formerly Ahdut Avoda. He has a protective, almost paternal attitude towards the working man. We recall that Simha Ehrlich, of Gahal, believes in subsidizing people, not products. Adl (as everyone calls him) acknowledges that even Harold Lever, of Britain's socialist Labour Party, thinks it better to give cash, and let the individual decide how he will spend it.

But Amoral — young, fervent, a politician with a future — does not agree.

"If we abolished all subsidies of every kind and increased social welfare grants instead, the average assisted family would be receiving IL1,500 a month."

Such a lavish grant will not encourage people to work their hardest for a living. Many layabouts might prefer to keep their children at home rather than incur the prohibitive fees of unsubsidized schooling. Yet, these children have to receive education, otherwise they will be layabouts too. Certain benefits must be given in kind (and that includes cheap food), because human beings are profligate, do not



Michael Hazani: Jewish economics. (Below, left) Adiel Amoral: competition is healthy. (Below, right) Asher Yadin: no time for theories.



always know what is best for them.

What about easy profits? Amoral would like to speed up the tariff cuts now under way.

"There is no reason why any goods should at this moment enjoy a customs protection exceeding 40 per cent. Take a monopoly product like Elite's instant coffee. I don't know how expensive it is to the economy — whether the dollar saved by making this item locally costs the country IL2 or IL22. It depends what foreign commodity you compare it with."

"So cut the duty on the competing imports. That is the simplest way of settling the argument. It will lower prices, and if Elite can stand up to their foreign rivals, I shall be delighted." There will be no easy profits if there is competition.

Profits are not that easy for industry at the present time. The real windfall gains accrue to those who deal in land. Amoral has thought very hard about this, in consultation with university economists.

"There is no pat answer. I think, for a start, that investors should not be given land for less than its true market value. The buyer ought to be charged what the land will be worth when construction is completed, minus development costs."

Land prices soar because many buyers compete for the same plot. It is the location that counts. So Amoral asks, why increase that competitive pressure by putting up hotels in the middle of Jerusalem? It would be perfectly feasible to create a hotel zone around the former Government House. The Amsterdam Hilton is sited on the periphery of the city, and no harm done.

What about Sapir's so-called personal rule? Amoral thinks hard before replying.

"Up till 1959, that was the best system," he says. "In those days the whole Israeli economy was no larger than a single department in General Motors."

"Since the 1960s we have reached the take-off point in development. Business life can no longer be centrally administered: it must operate according to the rules of the market. And gradually that is happening."

"Under the Capital Investments Law today, all firms that go to the development areas, or that undertake export commitments according to criteria specified in the law, receive the status of approved enterprise without discrimination — provided, of course, that the bank which checks the feasibility calculations comes up with a positive recommendation."

"Once upon a time you needed a *petek* (a chit from the right quarters) to get a managerial position in Koor (the Histadrut industrial complex). Today, no *petek* will help you get past Meir Amit" (head of Koor), he grins.

Where there could be favouritism is in the allocation of State Land — and "Zoro (Meir Zoran, new chief of the Lands Author-

ity) has finished that for good," Amoral concludes happily.

ASHER YADLIN (Labour, ex-Mapai) is a pure pragmatist. Short, stocky, shock-haired, he looks disconcertingly like a schoolboy. But he is one of the powers that be. Yadin does not orate about how the economy should be managed; he does the managing. Till recently he headed Hevrat Ovdim — the Histadrut's economic empire. Now he has taken over Kupat Holim. He had a hand in Israel's industrialization, he helped prime the country's phenomenal economic growth. And he has little time for theories, small-talk or demagoguery.

Israel is a new country struggling for survival. It has thrust ahead by a sheer effort of will. In order to cope with unprecedented problems, the economy had to expand at a breakneck pace. There was no time for ideological quibbles — too many tasks were waiting to be done. The rapidly-growing population needed to be supplied with roofs over their heads, schools for their children, hospitals for their sick, factories for their employment, ports for their trade, an army for their defence. All had to be built at feverish speed, starting practically from scratch.

"If you look at the detail, you see abuses, of course you do — errors of judgement, confidence tricks, bankruptcies, profits made too easily. But step back and view the picture as a whole. See what the 'personal' rule of Eshkol and Sapir has done for the country during the last two decades."

"If it weren't for the daring decisions, the unconventional methods, the short cuts taken, the individual attention given — with the sole objective of getting new ventures started — we would never have got where we have. When I call on Sapir and we agree about a hospital-building programme, and he says 'Go ahead, I'm behind you,' I can get cracking. If I had to run from committee to committee, it would break my heart. Here, I deal with one man, who has the power of decision."

"I still need to go through all the processes afterwards. But I have the backing, I know that we're going to get somewhere."

Is this personalized system still necessary? Yadin thinks that it is, at least for the four-year period of the coming Knesset. It will stop when the economy is so mature that individual enterprises no longer have to be nursed.

"One-third of our industry is not industry at all. One-third still has to grow up. Only one-third is fully competitive by international standards."

"If all our undertakings were like Makhteshim, Tadmira, Iskar, Nesher Cement, Alliance Tires — we'd be able to junk all these incentives and subsidies," he declares.

Israel has not yet reached the

point in its development where everything can be left to the interplay of market forces, with the Government limited to holding the ring. We point out to Mr. Yadin that several of the party leaders we interviewed thought there were too many State-owned companies.

"Too many? But the Government is selling them off, as fast as buyers can be found."

What about FIBI (First International Bank of Israel), in which the Government has 26 per cent of the shares? The Government, he says, went in to get the project off the ground, not for any mysterious reasons of a sinister financial control. Yadin plainly considers our objections specious. The important thing to him is that a modern, energetic new bank has been founded, partly through the fusion of smaller banks that were behind the times; that an important partnership has been created with a powerful foreign financial concern; and that all this is part of the dynamism of creation, expansion, growth.

"I want State-owned, worker-owned and privately-owned economies side by side. I want partnerships. I want checks and balances. I want equality in principle, but I also want something more than that — to pay the good guy for good work, for qualifications, for ingenuity, for initiative."

"Obviously, then, I can't achieve better equality and inequality. So there are inconsistencies. We want industry? Some people will get rich in the process. That's what taxes are for, to even out some of the excesses. We can't do *rak kach* (only this way). We must use every way."

"I would love to run our health service completely free of charge. It's a nice idea — in theory. But when I see waste and misuse, I realize we must charge money for our medicines. Not because I want to 'fix' anybody. It is a fact of life that if you give people a barrel of wine for nothing they'll let it pour away from the tap."

"Words and slogans," he says with withering contempt. "I visited Chile not long ago. I saw a farm that the authorities had taken over from its private owners." (We were speaking before the overthrow of the Allende regime). "They had run up a flag, which was fine, but the farm hadn't worked for a year. It wasn't producing, there was nothing to eat. You talk about inflation — prices shot up in Chile by 300 per cent in a single year."

Yadin has little time for high-flown idealism that does not have its feet on the ground.

"We don't want equality in poverty," he concludes. "We need a prospering economy, because that is the way to help the poor. Bigger industry, better management, higher productivity — these are the things that eliminate want. We must not destroy everything in the name of equality."



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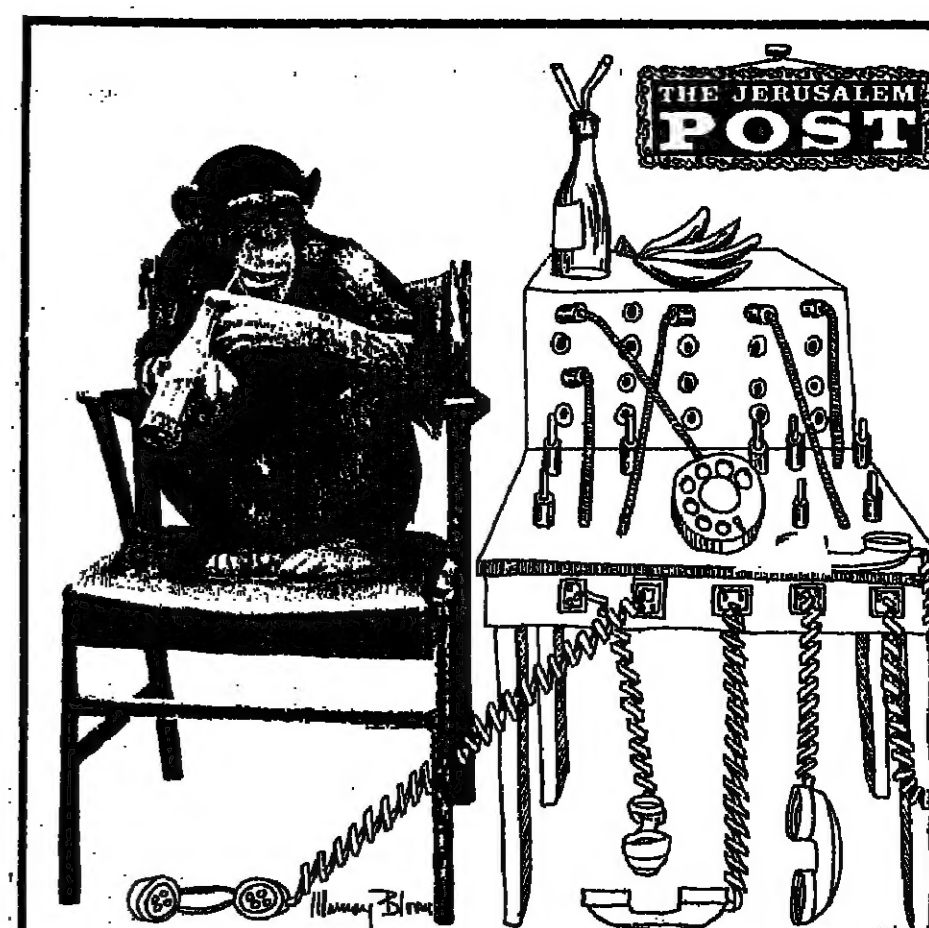
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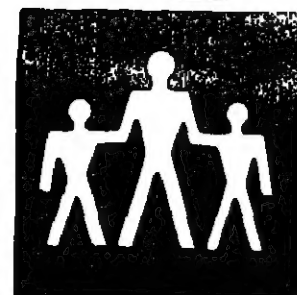
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THE MAGEN DAVID is once again on display in Spain. One sees it flying aloft on the blue-white flag of Israel alongside the flags of other nationalities outside the hotels along the Costa del Sol. But most curious of all, one sees the Star of David worn by many young Spaniards. No, they are not Jewish, but they wear it as part of a current fashion, alongside the cross and other symbols, for its reputed magical qualities.

The paradox struck me even more as I sat in a cafe in Plaza Mayor, one of the finest buildings in old Madrid, a few weeks ago. It was here in the large square that they used to burn Jews in the auto-da-fé. I had gone there as a kind of personal demonstration of historical irony. After all, I had come from the restored Jewish State, and where now are the glories of the mighty Spanish Empire?

Even if one wished to, one cannot escape the Jewish presence in Spanish history even if one is only an ordinary tourist. In Toledo, still the very heart of Spanish Catholicism, there is the fresco near the exit in the vast cathedral depicting the infamous blood libel, where Jews are shown crucifying a pretty Christian child and soaking up his blood to mix with matzot. The leader of that group was a relapsed *converso*, a converted Jew named — curiously enough — Franco. Since then the supposed child victim has been canonized as Santo Niño de la Guardia. This blood libel served to arouse the mob to launch the pogrom that in effect ended the splendid history of Toledo Jewry, and at the same time enriched their Most Catholic Majesties and entrenched still further the power of the Church.

Reading of the atrocities perpetrated against the Jews is blood-chilling even for a Jew of the generation of the Holocaust. But then, Spanish soil is dark with many torrents of blood, for, to judge by their history, the Spaniards revel in massacres. If among other peoples dialogue is sustained by words, in Spain it is by knives — preferably of Toledo steel.

At the Spanish Foreign Ministry just off Plaza Mayor I was told, "Well, at least we were not as bad as the Germans, that you must admit." It reminded me of the exchange in James Joyce's "Dubliners": "We never expelled the Jews from Ireland, did we?" "No, because we never let them in."

Indeed one encounters so many Spaniards with strong philo-Semitic sentiments that one becomes suspicious. Nearly every second Spaniard I met claimed to have Jewish blood. And perhaps for the number of Jews who stayed behind and assimilated ran into many thousands.

Everywhere one travels in Spain, one encounters faces that could easily belong in Jerusalem and Tel Aviv. I felt I was enjoying a really private joke when I came across a bar in Madrid featuring a flamenco singer named Xavier Tudela. Was he perhaps some distant relative of the famous Benjamin from Tudela? In any case, Xavier himself came from Valencia.

IT TOOK a journey through Spain to make me appreciate properly the great heritage left us by Spanish Jewry. Some historians refer to trading expeditions to Tarshish, which is sometimes identified as Spain, during the days of Nebuchadnezzar. Evidence exists of Hebrew-speaking colonies alongside the Phoenician, and the Jewish population swelled after the Second Temple fell. Emigration to Roman Spain increased after the failure of the Bar-Kochba revolt. Under Visigothic rule, the Jews prospered and then suffered, with Catholic historians blaming them for helping the Moslem conquest. Then there ensued the Golden Age, which last-



Hebrew inscription on ornamental Mauresque frieze in the Toledo synagogue. (Below). The Inquisition at work — engraving by Picart.

Sepharad in Spain

A curious ambivalence has marked the relationship between Sepharad — Hebrew for Spain — and the Jewish people through the centuries. This is still true today, as MARK SEGAL discovered on a recent tour.



ed three centuries, the Jews and Moslems creating together one of the most brilliant of civilizations within the Caliphate of Cordoba. Some Jews reached the highest offices, like Hasdal Ben Shaprut who, one thousand years ago, became the Caliph's Minister of State and negotiated treaties with both the Byzantine Emperor Constantine VIII and Emperor Otto I of Germany. It was there that a host of brilliant names emerged, including Donash Ben Labrat and Shlomo Ibn-Gabriel. Of course, the most illustrious son of Jewish Cordoba was Maimonides, and it is typical of Jewish history that the community of Toledo became the focus of opposition to Maimonides, led by Rabbi Meir Abulafia.

I stumbled across the statue of Maimonides, in the square named after him, during my overnight stay in Cordoba when I went to the old city to hear a brilliant gypsy guitarist perform with a flamenco group in a nearby garden. In the intense Andalusian moonlight I thought I caught a slightly sardonic look on the ancient marble face. On the morrow, as part of a tour, I retraced my steps through the old Jewish quarter. The guide explained that the monument was set up in tribute to the Rambam of Jewish Cordoba was Maimonides, and it is typical of Jewish history that the community of Toledo became the focus of opposition to Maimonides, led by Rabbi Meir Abulafia.

מקום לימוד

(Continued from page 13)
huda Halevi evoke the quality of the place.

It is in Toledo that the splendour of Spanish Jewry is still revealed. As one enters the Transit Synagogue, this once converted into a church, one senses the continuity that spans the centuries of trial and ruination. And one senses that here is something utterly indestructible. The eye catches the ornamental frieze of a passage from the Psalms in Hebrew: "Even the bird has found its home and freedom its nest, sanctifying thy altars, the Lord of Hosts, My King, and Almighty/Happy are the denizens of thy House. They will yet praise thee, Selah/Happy be the man whose strength derives from thee, paths into their hearts..."

The sumptuous interior, with its effect of fine Moorish embroidery, plus the intricate latticework covering the Ezrai Nashim, still provides testimony to the power and great wealth of the magnate Samuel Levi, who built the synagogue in about 1380. Inscriptions around the interior pay tribute not only to the Almighty but also to Levi's benefactor, King Pedro I of Castile whose Treasurer he was. The coats of arms of Castile (castles and lions rampant) are still to be seen embossed in the walls. But for good reason the king came to be known as Pedro the Cruel, for Levi's fortunes changed and the king tortured him to death, and confiscated his money and his property. It is also said that Pedro the Cruel gave his Treasurer's daughter in marriage to the court painter, El Greco, whose home — today a major tourist attraction — once in fact belonged to Levi.

What is also of interest in the Transit Synagogue is its museum with early Jewish relics — one

sarcophagus covered with such Jewish symbols as the shofar and the menorah. It also houses an institute for research into Spanish Jewry and into Hebrew and Biblical studies and issues a weekly publication, "Sephardim."

What is ironic — to me at least — is that this officially sponsored institute is striving to win the allegiance of Sephardi Jews to Spain. They talk of the "Sephardi Diaspora" and Augustin de Foxa, in an officially inspired work, "The Jews of Spain," wrote: "The Zionist cry of Theodore Herzl did not find much echo in the heart of the Sephardim, for they still look towards Toledo."

On the other hand, I was told on many occasions that Sephardim have preserved precious aspects of Spanish culture — for example, the spoken Spanish of many Sephardim is said to harken back to the purest kind of Castellano. Likewise, I was told that the Sephardi romancero is the only extant form of the medieval ballad and troubadour song. One reason many Spaniards want to regularize relations with Israel is because it will make possible the proper opening of a cultural interchange with a population that has safeguarded precious elements of the Spanish cultural heritage. As for contemporary Spanish Jewry: returning in the 10th century, a tiny community survived under the Republic. The early Franco regime was rather anti-Jewish because of the large numbers of Jews fighting in the Republican ranks, and in 1942 the few Jewish congregations were closed down. On the other hand, there were a few wealthy Jews who helped Franco's cause.

THE CAUDILLO did allow 12,000 Jews to escape into Spain from the German troops in World War



France's attitude to the Jews has been ambivalent.

II. And this number is always ly not Sephardi. There is one quoted to critics of Madrid's pro-synagogue in Madrid and two in Barcelona — the first to be can tell how many Jews asked authorized since the Edict of and were refused help by the Expulsion in 1492. In Seville Spaniards. Equally unknown is the exact number of Nazi war criminals offered a refuge after the collapse of the Third Reich. As of 1972, there were about 8,000 Jews living in Spain most.

still exist in the Balearic Islands, although they could easily become Jewish if they so wish. A friend of mine told me of a visit on Sabbath eve to the Marrano community in Palma de Mallorca, where prayers were held in absolute darkness in a cellar.

A relatively high proportion of Jews in Barcelona are yordim, originally from Rumania, who prosper in the clothing and souvenir industries of the Catalan capital, with its tolerant atmosphere. The industrious Catalans, who regard themselves as an oppressed minority, have a warm sense of sympathy for the Jews. Indeed, during my visit to Barcelona I noticed many books on Jewish and Israeli subjects in the bookstores.

Interest in Israel is also noticeable in Madrid, which is the one city that has always mattered in Spain. There, despite occasional outbreaks of what looks like officially condoned anti-Semitism, the Jewish community thrives — enjoying equal rights. The congregation worships according to the unified prayer book for Sephardim and Ashkenazim. In Rabbi Benito Garzon I enjoy an energetic spiritual leader. He is a graduate of Israeli yeshivot who regularly brings groups of children attending the Hebrew communal school he directs on organized visits to Israel.

The communal leadership has been in the hands of a number of wealthy businessmen, principally Ukrainian-born Max Mazin, who has a close relationship with the regime and is even said to be on friendly terms with the Caudillo. Mazin took part in a most unusual event for Catholic Spain recently when he participated with parish priest Alvarez in a joint ceremony of worship at St. Rita's Church in Madrid. Torquemada must have been turning in his grave!

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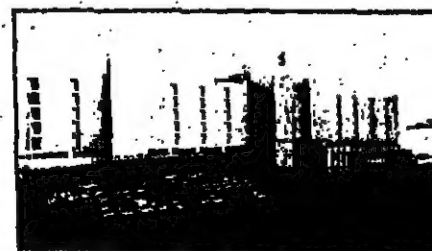
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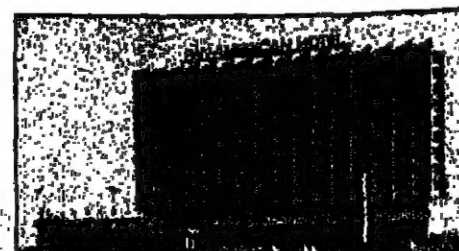
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ETZ HAZAYIT





Mendel Kohanaky

DOES THE LONDON theatre need defending? On my first day there I read in "The Times" an impassioned reply by the newspaper's critic to his colleagues who had been grumbling in print that there was nothing worthwhile to see in the world's theatre capital with its literally hundreds of companies of every description, from the staid, subsidized houses where well-dressed ladies and gentlemen sit on plush seats under crystal chandeliers, to the little groups performing in the back rooms of pubs or on street corners.

Nothing worthwhile to see in London? To a visiting Israeli, the London theatre is a moveable feast, with its immense variety of theatrical nourishment, with its quality of performance, which has probably no equal in the world. What the grumbling critics probably meant was that London at present has nothing really new to offer, nothing to make them sit up in their seats and gasp, as they did time and again in the 'fifties and 'sixties, when London had a pre-eminent place in the theatre world.

Undoubtedly the most interesting new play now being performed is "Equus" by Peter Shaffer at the National Theatre (his "Royal Hunt of the Sun" which we saw in 1968 in Haifa — is now enjoying a successful revival in London). The play starts out rather unpromisingly like one of those old-fashioned psycho-analytical dramas in which a psychiatrist is hard put to get to the root of the trouble in a difficult case; but it eventually develops into a condemnation of our times, in which rich primeval instincts are smothered in the name of a colourless, sterile civilization.

The trouble of the hero, a boy in his late teens, is that he sounds like a joke but is far from being one — that he has fallen in love, literally, with a horse. He revolts against the repressions of modern society, represented by his stern father, by means of an outburst of pagan sexuality directed at the animal. He is "cured" of his aberration by the psychoanalyst, a man in love with ancient Greece and feeling guilty about his success with his patient.

The production is magnificent, staged by John Dexter, who has created scenes of tremendous impact involving live horses, and is highlighted by a remarkable performance of almost unbearable emotional intensity by the youthful Peter Firth in the leading role.

IT IS GOOD acting one chiefly goes to see in London these days, and good acting means, first and foremost, famous names. Like Alec Guinness and Paul Scofield in, respectively, "Habsburg" and "Savages".

"Habsburg" was written by Alan Bennett, who about a decade ago became famous as one of the authors of and performers in the immensely funny revue, "Beyond the Fringe." His present effort is a feeble farce with a great deal of sophisticated

From the Horrible to the Sublime



Janet Suzman, as Cleopatra, in "Antony and Cleopatra": an astonishing range. (Sophie Baker)

claptrap in the writing and the production, concerning the would-be amorous exploits of a middle-aged doctor with a severe case of male menopause. Alec Guinness plays the hero with the customary twinkle in his eye, masterfully throwing away lines, ending the show with a fantasy as a combination of Noel Coward and Fred Astaire, in top hat and tails, starting out young, then rapidly ageing, ageing, as the lights dim and a blackout ends the show. But the whole thing is unworthy of his great talent.

Paul Scofield fares slightly better, but not as well as an actor of his calibre deserves, in "Savages," a play by 28-year-old Christopher Hampton, one of the bright boys of the British theatre. The play deals with the plight of stone-age Indians in Brazil who are being systematically killed off by white people, and the plot is based on a real-life incident — the kidnapping and murder by Brazilian terrorists, several years ago, of a British diplomat.

Another play by Christopher Hampton that has been packing them in for over four years now is "The Philanthropist," a sex comedy bristling with clever lines, about a young man so anxious to please everybody that everybody can comfortably step all over him.

Comparing the two so diverse plays by the same young author, I got to thinking of one of the characters in the comedy, a character you love to hate, a

thoroughly obnoxious, egocentric loud-mouth of a successful writer who flaunts his intellectual corruptibility. When someone asks him what made him appear on television in support of a certain cause, he casually replies, after a pause for effect, "Twenty guineas."

A SERIOUS but rather unsuccessful attempt to write a serious play is "Cromwell" by David Storey (the author of "Home" which last year had a successful run at Habimah), a historical, philosophical drama which deals with the problems of war and religion, tyranny and revolution, and reaches the rather unoriginal conclusion that revolution never solves any problems, but only creates new ones. As in "Home," Storey's prose here is spare and understated, and the Royal Court Theatre's traditional low-key acting results in two hours of boredom.

Another serious but — this time predictably — failed attempt is "And They Put Handcuffs on the Flowers" by Fernando Arrabal, the Paris-based Spaniard who has for more than two decades now been acting out on the stage his private religious and sexual fantasies and myths.

In the programme notes, the author informs the audience that the play was written in fulfilment of a pledge given to follow prisoners in a Spanish jail (he spent 25 days there for writing a blasphemous inscription in a book) to tell the world what prison is like. The fantastic imagery, the celebration of a black

BACK TO the serious stage. "The Cherry Orchard" at the National Theatre, under the direction of Michael Blakemore, is a highly intelligent, beautifully detailed, low-key production which wisely does not try to be Russian, but remains very English in character. The central role of Madame Ranevskaya, played by Constance Cummings, is reduced to the point where her part becomes merely supporting, while pride of place is given to Lopakhov, the up-and-coming peasant turned businessman, who winds up as the owner of the estate which has slipped out of the indolent hands of the gentry. With the decaying aristocratic family in the background, Lopakhin, played by Denis Quilley, stands out as a full-blooded, loud-mouthed, highly charged representative of an emerging new class, the triumphant bourgeoisie which — Chekhov didn't know it in 1904 — had only a short time to strut on the stage of Russia.

And then there is, of course, Shakespeare presented by the Royal Shakespeare Company at the Aldwych Theatre: the four-play Roman cycle directed by Trevor Nunn for Stratford-upon-Avon.

It is always a supreme joy to see Shakespeare played by a British company (I recall several years ago thoroughly enjoying a provincial English group performing the historical plays on a visit to Israel), but the R.S.C.'s present production is well above the usual, so that I can even forgive the director all the gimmicks he used, mainly in "Julius Caesar." (After the conspirators attack Julius Caesar and stab him to death, there is a blackout, and as the lights go up again, the scene is repeated in slow motion, ending in a tableau with the lifeless body in front, the assassins ranged behind it in their blood-bespattered togas, daggers held aloft, as if posing for a photograph which will immortalize the historic scene.)

Never have I seen so much magnificent acting talent assembled on one stage, or heard Shakespeare's text spoken so beautifully in that ravishingly casual manner with which English actors proclaim to the world that after all it is their own Shakespeare they are playing. I was particularly impressed by Janet Suzman, the South African-born actress who played Cleopatra with an astonishing range of emotions and with a sex appeal British actresses are reputed to be incapable of (a current West End farce is entitled "No Sex Please, We're British"), and by Richard Johnson, who played Mark Anthony with all the power and tenderness and abandon and tragic greatness expected of the larger-than-life warrior and lover.

The sweep of great events which shaped the world was present on the stage throughout both evenings; the weight of history was felt in every detail, in the splendid costumes, in the incidental music which pierced the air to announce and accompany portentous events, the arrival of leaders, the start of battles. It is on such occasions that one is again awed by that incredible phenomenon that is Shakespeare.

On entering the theatre, you are given an idea of the character of the show by the ushers, who look like so many Frankenstein monsters in their plastic masks, move ominously sideways, and are not above sitting down for a rest in a woman's lap after showing her to her seat. The show is introduced by a deadpan narrator in intellectual horn-rimmed glasses; the hero, Frank-n-Furter, is played by a muscular young man with a deep-voice dressed in black stockings and black lace brassiere (transvestitism — now looms pretty large in the lower reaches of British entertainment); the cast of characters includes an innocent, just-married young couple, laboratory-created monsters leaping from the ceiling, dead bodies falling out of trunks, there are reeking doors, thunderstorms, and the deafening rhythms of rock. The text, lyrics, music, were all written by a talented young man named Richard O'Brien.

From A(rgentina) to Z(ion)



חשר הנריץ
משה בארזן הירש
PHILANTROP MORITZ BARON HIRSCH

Poster circulated in the Jewish communities of Austro-Hungary.

ARGENTINA 'HA'ERETZ HAYE-UDA' ארגנטינה וארץ ישראל (Argentina 'The Promised Land') by Haim Avni. Jerusalem, Magnes Press. 366 pp. IL28.

Kurt Grunwald

IN JEWISH historiography of the 19th century there has long been a serious gap — the fascinating chapter of Baron Maurice de Hirsch and his Argentine Venture. This gap has now been closed in a most authoritative way by Dr. Haim Avni, of the Hebrew University's Institute of Contemporary Jewry, whose book must be considered the definitive history of the period. His account is based on the documents in the archives of the Jewish Colonization Association in London and Buenos Aires, and in other archives great as well as on the judicious use of a vast multilingual literature listed in a 14-page bibliography.

It is the enigmatic personality of Baron Maurice de Hirsch which dominates the story. Like Sir Moses Montefiore before him, Hirsch became the "father figure" of the Jewish masses, the philanthropist on whose help they could rely whenever in trouble. It was most peculiar: this Jew, ostensibly emancipated and quest for a charter, did later in his adult life to sports, horse-racing and hunting, spent most of his considerable fortune on aid to down-trodden Jews, outdoing any philanthropist of his time and before.

In spite of this, because, as has been repeatedly and wrongly stated even by distinguished Jewish historians, "he refused to help Theodore Herzl in the establishment of the Jewish homeland in Palestine" (Salo Baron), he has been denied his pro-

place in the history of the modern Jewish renaissance. In fact, Hirsch, no ideologist but a man of action, as we learn from the documents presented by Avni, had much earlier arrived at conclusions similar to those which brought Herzl to him. After his failure to do something for the rehabilitation of Russian Jewry in Russia, he saw mass emigration and resettlement as the only solution.

Though Hirsch had never heard of Leon Pinsker's "Auto-Emancipation," the same idea occurred to him, as it did later to Herzl also unaware then of Pinsker's work. And Hirsch, then, wished a "Jewish State," a territory which, after settlement by Jews, could achieve some degree of political autonomy. It was, in fact, this element which, apart from socio-economic aspects, attracted him to Argentina. Basing his conception on insufficient information about that country's constitution, he thought that a district settled by 60,000 or more could attain the status of a province with a large degree of self-government. But Herzl and Hirsch would not have seen eye to eye at that time in any event. Herzl wished a charter first and disapproved of "infiltration" into Eretz Yisrael, whose doors were closed.

Hirsch, faced by the acute Jewish need, looked for immediate relief, as Herzl, frustrated in his search for a *Nachdacht* (night-deal of time to sports, horse-racing and hunting, spent most of his considerable fortune on aid to down-trodden Jews, outdoing any philanthropist of his time and before.

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מכאן לשלח

LORD BEAVERBROOK was a man of many parts: financial tycoon, political wheeler-dealer, newspaper proprietor, cabinet minister, author and historian — enough activities to satisfy most ambitious men. Moreover, his career encompassed tumultuous events, spanning as it did two world wars, with some overlapping at both ends. And to crown it all, Beaverbrook, true to his historical calling, consciously preserved his record of events and his own place in them. He fixed, mused, commented and recollected until his own collection of papers ran almost uninterrupted from 1903 until 1984. As if this were not enough, Beaverbrook was also an historical hoarder. He gathered into his own keeping the Lloyd George and Bonar Law papers. These, together with his own, are now deposited at the Beaverbrook Library in London, open for examination by qualified scholars. Here is a rich quarry indeed for any biographer; and A.J.P. Taylor has worked it well to produce a highly readable and informative — if weighty — volume.

There can be little doubt that Beaverbrook held a fatal fascination for most people. One has only to glance at a portrait of him to discover the reason why. He was Puck personified; and was forever acting out his role on the political or social stage. He was the proverbial wayward child; at times mischievous, always in hot water, always rocking the boat, yet always bounding back with such resiliency and verve that it was impossible to scold him too harshly.

This seems true of his entire career. He began it as Max Aitkin, youngest son of a Scotch-Canadian clergyman. In his early manhood he rapidly accumulated an immense fortune, cashing in on the great Canadian boom at the turn of the century. He specialized in complicated financial promotions, emerging, as his biographer puts it, as the great "fixer." He next turned up in England to launch his political career, thrusting his energy and fresh ideas into the placid waters of English politics. He came to know everyone of consequence and was on intimate terms with the leaders of both great parties. In particular he made himself indispensable to Bonar Law, then leader of the Conservative Party. And it was his influential patron who promoted his election as Member of Parliament for Ashton-under-Lyne, a textile town near Manchester.

THREE YEARS later World War I broke out and the most extraordinary episode of this man's extraordinary career began. The Canadian political initiate became The King-maker of English politics; and he relished his task. It would perhaps be an exaggeration to say that in much the same way as he promoted the first Lloyd George coalition government in 1918 and then in turn destroyed his own creation and promoted a Conservative government under Bonar Law in 1922. An exaggeration, no doubt. But Beaverbrook was there, at the very centre of events: initiating meetings, acting as a go-between, prompting, pushing, pursuing, cajoling. Both these

The puckish Lord Beaverbrook



BEAVERBROOK by A.J.P. Taylor. London, Hamish Hamilton. 712 pages, £6.50.

N.A. Rose

events were central to the development of English, indeed world, history. For the first ensured British and Allied victory in World War I; the second swept Lloyd George from power forever and inaugurated a 20-year period of Conservative domination of English politics until the crisis of World War II brought forth a truly coalition government again. These were remarkable achievements. More were to follow.

Already during World War I Beaverbrook acquired an interest in his first newspaper, the "Daily Express." This soon became the foundation for a new empire. Beaverbrook now strode Fleet Street as one of the Press Lords. Newspapers and journalism now took pride of place, and the "Express" became his favourite son. Beaverbrook boasted that the "Express" catered for all classes. There was some truth in this; and its circulation — fed by a steady diet of sport, high-class gossip, and snappy headlines — rose higher and

higher to prove it. He acquired interests in the Sunday and evening markets. He was now a power in the land; someone to be reckoned with — or so he thought.

What was Beaverbrook after? Baldwin said of him, and the other Press Lords, that he sought "Power without responsibility, the prerogative of the harlot throughout the ages." This analysis is a little too simplistic and is not borne out by this biography. It is doubtful whether Beaverbrook himself knew Taylor, writing of the 1918 crisis, comments: "Such had been his attitude towards other matters which he had organized. Once they were successful, he left them to other men and moved off to fresh activities." In other words, boredom conquered and his eyes began to roam for new causes to fight for. He was a sprinter, not a long-distance runner. It is a curious fact that despite the tremendous circulation of his newspapers, all of the major causes he championed turned to ashes. On the eve of World War II he preached a return to Splendid Isolation as the only way of keeping Britain out of any European conflagration. This was totally unrealistic. Great Britain could never have remained indifferent to a Germany (particularly a Germany under Hitler) bent on imposing her hegemony over Europe. The cost would eventually have been too high to pay, even for Beaverbrook; and so it turned out. For it was only by the creation and consolidation of the Grand Alliance that Great Britain and Europe escaped permanent Nazi rule.

EVER MORE STRIKING is the case of the Empire Crusade. At the turn of the 1930s Beaverbrook rocked the Conservative Party and threatened to unseat its leadership (hence Baldwin's vigorous counter-attack) on the question of protection or free trade, always an explosive issue in English politics. Beaverbrook again preached a form of isolation, advocating a kind of *Zollverein* (customs union) for the British Empire, the obvious consequence of which would be to widen the gap between Great Britain and Europe. At the end of his life Beaverbrook witnessed the awful spectacle of Great Britain applying for entry into the European Common Market. Once again he rose up in anger. And his newspapers went on fighting the same battle with the same degree of success. The gap between mass-circulation and political influence, let alone power, remains as wide as ever.

During World War II Beaverbrook held high office, first as Minister for Aircraft Production and later as Minister of Supply and of War Pro-

duction. His genius for improvisation, his unorthodox and dynamic methods of organization — in fact, confiscation — resulted in many raised eyebrows in Whitehall. He proved to be invaluable to Churchill, particularly during the crucial Battle for Britain period when he turned fighters off the production line as fast as, indeed faster than, they were needed. This was his finest hour also; but it lasted for exactly 60 minutes. He soon tired of his responsibilities, boredom set in and he abdicated from active politics for ever, though not before causing a few cabinet crises.

BEAVERBROOK'S ISOLATIONISM took another form. Just after World War I his newspapers pronounced that "we should evacuate Mesopotamia and Palestine bag and baggage and at once." The British garrison in Palestine is there to support 30,000 Jews against 300,000 Arabs. It is not used for this purpose. It is useless. The moment it is so used the expense and responsibility becomes unlimited."

He met an Arab delegation then in London and promised them the cooperation of his newspapers "in a common hostility to Zionism." He wished the government to concentrate primarily, even exclusively, on the Empire, which for him meant the White Dominions, in particular Canada. This constituted the core of his anti-Zionism, which often fed off the prejudices of leading Anglo-Jewish anti-Zionists. Many years later, when the Empire was left gasping for breath at Suez, Beaverbrook recanted:

"My views have changed. Israel has brought intelligence, efficiency, progress and internal stability into a part of the world where instability has prevailed. It is indeed one of the outstanding accomplishments of the twentieth century."

He was a man of idiosyncratic temperament: erratic and unpredictable. He ruled his empire in the modern manner — by telephone. He was notorious for his abruptness and rudeness. Once, when challenged about this, he demonstrated the futility of the accusation in characteristic style:

"Now, is there anything else you want to say to me? Just think, there's no hurry... You say there's nothing else. Very well, I must accept your assurance. And now I am about to say 'Goodbye to you.' Here it comes. Goodbye to you." The strength and weakness of this book are derived from the same source: the author's personal and intimate knowledge of his subject. This sometimes intrudes, embarrassingly so, into the narrative. But on the whole this is an important book, written with all of Taylor's verbal skill and talent, and is, in many ways, a profound study of Beaverbrook and his times, covering as it does almost every aspect of English history for the first half of this century. It was a book which Beaverbrook would have enjoyed. In his own words: "I am the cat that walks alone." This book proves it.

Dr. Rose is Lecturer in International Relations at the Hebrew University.

The man from Buczacz

Miriam Arad

THE HEBREW reader's immediate association with the title of Agnon's *IR UMLO'AH* (ירושלם וטל אביו, Schocken, 724 pp., IL29) is "olam umlo'ah," i.e., the whole world, or, the world and its infinite variety of creatures, and that was what his native town Buczacz, the "Ir" truly was for Agnon — a kind of Jewish microcosm. According to the Hebrew Encyclopedia, the beginnings of the Jewish community of Buczacz date to the middle of the 16th century; according to Agnon its founders were Jews on the way to Bretz Tla-rail who were prevented by circumstance from completing their journey: an auspicious beginning, for who can compare in blessedness to a Jew on his way to fulfill the great mitzva of aliyah? The community soon grew and flourished, and for nearly four centuries managed to survive plagues, pogroms and wars, till the Germans destroyed it entirely in World War I.

Agnon's tales are a memorial



to the Buczacz he loved, to its wise and rather lazy, rather scared little rabbi and illustrious Hassidim, but *gabai* Yehuda Agnon from "Al Sheyva" also to its everyday Jews (such as Eliahu), and to its rich treasure

A national and universal poet

SELECTED POEMS: Chaim Nachman Bialik, with English translation by Maurice Samuel. Illustrated by Malda Silverman. N.Y., Union of American Hebrew Congregations. \$12.50.

Julian Meltzer

THREE GENERATIONS of Hebrew readers have been moved by the lyric poems of Chaim Nachman Bialik, who today, 40 years after his death, is still recalled as the Poet Laureate of the Jewish People. When first published, his works had a deep impact on a great following of his contemporaries, and he was one of the foremost spiritual influences of the Zionist movement.

Who among us, who were helpless witnesses of the Nazi Holocaust in Europe, can ever forget Bialik's anguished elegy, "The City of Slaughter," written after the Kishinev pogrom of 1903?

For I have hither come, O ye dead bones,
to beg of you, forgive Me!
Forgive your God, you that have
been shamed forever!
For all your dark and bitter lives
forgive Me!
And for your ten times dark and
bitter death!

Or his superb portrayal of the immortal "Ha-Masgid," the plodding, persevering student bent over his Talmud tome, symbol of the House of Israel:

Like thieves in the attic and in
cellars gathered
Our sons have studied the for-
bidden Torah...
Dear to the Torah is the life of
sorrow,
And in the chastity of poverty
The people and its sons have kept
the faith.

The Union of American Hebrew Congregations did well to release Maurice Samuel's elegant translation long since a masterpiece. They were aided by a grant from the Emanuel Moram Memorial Fund, and publication is intended to mark Bialik's 100th birthday this coming year — 1974 (the outgoing year marked the 40th anniversary of his death). These eight poems were originally put out in 1936 in a small volume conceived and edited by Meyer Weisgal, then Editor of "The New Palestine," New York, and has long been out of print.

In the introduction which he wrote for this fine edition in January, 1972, shortly before his death, Maurice Samuel says of Bialik that "the best of his work rises from the

level of literature into the kind of inspired utterance for which there is yet no adequate name. It was, moreover, the voice of a people issuing through a man, to the enhancement of the individuality of both. It was the anonymous and the personal in paradoxical and perfect union."

SAMUEL ALSO explains that the transliteration of the Ashkenazic pronunciation (e.g., "Ha-Masgid") must be in English, or the scansion is lost, for Bialik wrote in Ashkenazic Hebrew, one of whose main features is emphasis on the first or middle syllable rather than the last. In setting Bialik's place in the history of his people, Samuel as-
serts:

of Hassidic folktales. Though he writes a poem that is one finger on the minutest physical de- question and that doubts if the whole tail in his narrative, Agnon has business (i.e., the kibbutz) is just- nevertheless endowed his Buczacz tified, and if it's all worth it to with a legendary quality. The holy men were holier in days of old, "The cursed socialist regime of the the wise men wiser and the pious Soviet Union stifled its poets — in much more pious and much better Siberia... The kibbutz has immense at understanding the ways of God power and doesn't need any Siberia; — or at outwitting Satan: on the public opinion will kill its artists..." morning after Yom Kippur they (one may add that Yonah's father, would always go to synagogue an Shemer when Yonah was 15. A year hour or two earlier than usual, so as not to give Satan an opening to come whispering maliciously in Yonah's (brother-in-law incidentally God's ear: "Look at your darling David Blazar) arrived at the con- children, who, since you judged them clusion that the kibbutz as such long life yesterday, are now ne- actually fulfils none of the vital glecting their prayers." tasks before the country (in 1968) Even the fish in the river of Buczacz used to be bigger, once notably what he considered the cru- upon a time, than their descendants, cial one of immigrant absorption, of later generations. Perhaps, but "I want the things that are though, the particular legendary fla- precious to me to gain from the vour" of these stories follows the fact that I exist."

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THE DIARIES, notebooks and let- ters of Yonah Agnon, born in Kibbutz Ein Shemer in 1913, died of cancer in 1970, are collected in *SHICHON HAMERHAVIM* (שחון המרחבים) (Ex-pense-drunk, Tel Aviv, Am Oved, 285 pp.), covering the last 10 years of his life. It is both an interesting and a moving book — interesting as the portrait of a kibbutz-born sabra torn between the need to keep faith with himself on the one hand, and to the idea of the collective on the other; and as the portrait of a young, sensitive, articulately intelligent Israeli. It is moving as the document of a man about to die, knowing it and, with nothing stiff-upper-lip about him, able to cherish life and live it to the utmost inevitably, in full face of death.

The dilemma of the individual in the kibbutz is reduced to its es-sentials by posing the problem of the artist in the kibbutz: "The poet who can't get up one morning and what he has to, if he must. The readiness, the lack of fear, the realistic appraisal of the situation and its meaning, the clear knowledge of what may come, if it does..."

Light for the Righteous...

Richard E. Sherwin

And if we do open the world
and if the blue wind does blow through
glittering brilliance on our skin
so even the upright nape hairs praise
who will enter, who will be let enter,
who will go in?

Where shall we find the pure hands
and straight heart
where we have locked them
and is there still a key
even if the Lord returns to us
can we find one, and will we, and if we do,
who will turn it?

And if we do, where will we be when the pure hands
and the straight hearts leave us
with not even the hope, the unbelieved hope,
of returning before the world closes us in again,
and if we don't, will we ever be able
again to believe there was a chance
for us, there was such a world
as we today conceive and see
upon our flesh
a blue wind blowing
hands pure as they cannot be
hearts straight as they are not built to be
and some locked up animal suddenly shedding light?

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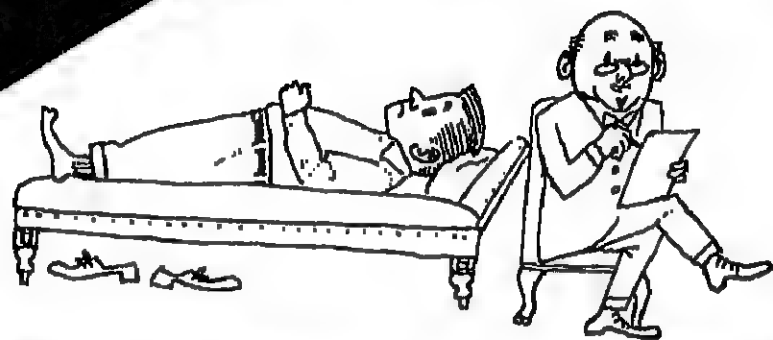
Happy New Year

to the President, the Prime Minister and other Ministers,
the Chief of the General Staff and Zahal commanders, the
Mayor of Haifa and the city's administrators, my friends,
clients and all residents of Haifa.

Saadi Karaman
Bustan-Hacarmel

JONAH

Irene Orgel



I WANT TO TALK about Jonah, said the man on the psychoanalyst's couch. Jonah and the whale? asked the doctor. Jonah, said the patient, before he ever met the whale. Jonah, first of all, when he was running

away. Jonah, the man with the big fear pursuing him. When God looked for Jonah, he couldn't see him for the dust. When God called to Jonah, Jonah didn't hear him for the wind which was whistling in his ears.

Jonah ran to the end of the land, as far as he could go, and when he reached the end of the land and came to the edge of the sea, he took a boat.

"Do you have a reservation?" they asked him. "No," said Jonah, because he never had time to plan ahead.

But there was one ticket left and Jonah thought he was lucky to get it, even though they charged him an exorbitant price.

Picture him at the customs, Jonah with the guilty face. Any number of crooks and smugglers had gone on board without raising any suspicion at all. But Jonah was subjected to the closest search and questioning. They made him undo the knots in all the strings around his suitcases (he hadn't been able to locate the key) and empty the unwieldy paper bags in which he'd thrown his last-minute things.

Lord, what a muddle Jonah's luggage was in! He'd forgotten his toothbrush and his shaving kit. But, on the other hand, the bottom of his grip was full of old photographs and theatre programmes that he couldn't bear to throw away. There were photographs of several sweethearts he had very nearly married. One girl he had run after for years, but she had never given him a tumble. The reason he had all this bric-a-brac with him when he reached the edge of the sea was very simply this: He didn't know how long he'd be away. He didn't even know if he was coming back.

When Jonah finally stumbled up the gangplank and on board, he immediately went down to his stateroom, locked the door, and fell onto his berth. It was only when the engines started to turn over and his staring eyes saw upon the white ceiling the dancing reflection of fast-moving water that Jonah's fists at last unclenched and the sweat on his brow dried up. The peace and contentment which most people feel when they are beside their own hearth was experienced by Jonah only when he was on a journey. All his deepest reading and thinking had been done on moving vehicles. As soon as he stopped moving he felt hemmed in. And even when he got a bit used to his moving surroundings — as soon as a bare stateroom began to take on the contours of home and habit, for instance — as soon as that happened, the unease came back to Jonah like a vulture.

So within his little locked cabin, lying with his face pressed down into his pillow, Jonah tried to hold onto the feeling of relief which came to him with the beginning of a journey. And his stomach felt the queasy rocking of the boat, and he lay listening to the creaking of all the ship-boards and the rushing of the sailors to and fro.

"There's someone guilty on board," said the sailors when the storm arose.

"That's me," thought Jonah without a second thought. That's the sort of egotist he was. He didn't give a thought to all the crooks and smugglers on the passenger list. He didn't consider the cut-throats in the crew who had signed up to get away from the scene of their crimes. No, Jonah had this guiltier-than-thou attitude, and all that he could think of was Jonah.

He opened the door of his stateroom and he said:

"Here I am, boys."

The sailors picked him up (he had asked for it) and swung him by his arms and legs, one, two, three, and yo-heave-ho, and over he went. Splash! And into the jaws of the whale.

And in the belly of the whale, where it was warm and enclosed, and where it was physically impossible to run any further, Jonah gave up. It was the ultimate end to his flight. It might have been a padded cell. It could have been this room. It happened to be the belly of the whale. (The womb phantasy, murmured the analyst.)

Well, whatever it was, continued the man on the couch, *in ventro et de profundo* Jonah cried out to the Lord. And this time Jonah's words weren't the pining, incoherent snatches of a man running away from his Fear. This time it was despair; but it was his own despair. And for the first time he cried out with his own voice.

In the belly of the whale, Jonah was transformed. He reversed all his behaviour patterns. It was like a religious experience. What am I talking about! It was a religious experience. He was the Prophet Jonah, wasn't he? People who had known Jonah before, and met him after the whale, said:

"Jonah, you're a changed man."

It wasn't that his hair had turned white or anything obvious like that. It was simply that everything he had done before he now did in reverse. He had been a fearful man and he had suddenly changed into an angry man. As precipitately as he'd run away from Nineveh, he now wanted to dash toward it. Just as sharply as he'd turned away from God's word, he now wanted to overdo God's word.

"Hey, son!" shouted God.

"I'm off to Nineveh," yelled Jonah. "Don't stop me."

"Wait a minute," said God, trying to keep up with him. "What are you going to do when you get there?"

"Fire a burst!" replied Jonah.

"Now take it easy," said the Lord, and he held Jonah back by his shirt-tails.

"But they don't listen to YOUR WORD," stormed Jonah, with his super-duper-super ego. "We're not going to stand for that, are we?"

So the Lord made him sit down and cool off under a gourd. Gurd or Goord, is it? I never said it out loud before. I never could see why the business about the gourd was stuck on the

end of this story. Yet it's the logical ending. The gourd represents every living thing.

As if in a speeded-up, documentary movie, Jonah saw it sprout from seed, flower and then, to his consternation, it withered before his time.

"What's the big idea?" he protested.

"Look," said the Lord. "Don't you go getting sentimental over the life and death of a gourd. This happens to be one of the stiffest, prickliest, least organized of all the organisms in my vegetable kingdom. Whereas people, and this includes even the people of Nineveh, are the most highly organized of all my organisms. Where's your sense of proportion, son?"

Then Jonah understood.

His fear and anger fell away from him, like so much unnecessary luggage, jettisoned. And this left room for love of the whole of creation to well up in him. And he was no longer angry with Nineveh, which had after all represented nothing to him but his own past. Instead of a turreted town crammed with phantasmagoria, it now appeared before him as a plain, ordinary, workaday city, and the people in it were only people, after all.

Imagine Jonah now, having left behind his luggage of confusion and turmoil. Free-standing and life-accepting, as he walked along the road to Nineveh. Simplicity was in his pocket, and the principle of the gourd was deep-rooted in his heart.

Without knowing the scientific details, he knew he was a man who had come out of the sea. And he knew he was a man who had come out of the sun. The Lord had told him all this when he said:

"Consider the gourd. Respect it."

Because Jonah still thought things out best when he was walking, he had a long, calm discussion with the Lord on the way to Nineveh.

"If you created the seed and the life and the sprouting," Jonah asked, "why did you create the negating and rejecting? The fear and the anger and the turning away?"

"To tell you the truth," said God, "I had no idea it was going to go this far. Of all the roads it might have taken, this is surely the most surprising. When I was in the infinitesimal speck which held the potentiality of creation, how was I to know it would expand to become the universe? And when I blazed and exploded in the innumerable suns, how could I foresee that out of the near collision of two of them would leap the tide which would cool into planets? This by the way," said God confidentially, "I learned from Sir James Jeans. Most of what I know comes from Albert Einstein. Before that I had only Newton to go on. And before that..."

"But before Man," asked Jonah, shocked out of his wits, "do you mean you understood nothing at all? Didn't you exist?"

"Certainly," said God patiently. "I have told you how I exploded in the stars. Then I drifted for aeons in clouds of inchoate gas. As matter stabilized, I acquired the knowledge of valency. When matter cooled, I lay sleeping in the insistent rocks. After that I floated fecund in the unconscious seaweed upon the faces of the deep. Later I existed in the stretching paw of the tiger and the blinking eye of the owl. Each form of knowledge led to the more developed next. Organic matter led to sentience which led to consciousness which led inevitably to my divinity."

"And what will you become next?" asked Jonah.

"I don't know," said God reverently. "I am waiting to be told."

"By whom?" asked Jonah, and he looked round the lonely landscape in dismay.

"How I tremble," sang God, "in rapture before the next stroke of consciousness! How I yearn to be created further!"

"But I don't like this at all," cried Jonah. "Can't we go back to the way it used to be? You scared me to death most of the time. But how I loved to hear your scolding voice."

"I couldn't go on forever," said God severely, "telling tall stories about whales, any more than I could have remained inert once the first colloidal systems started to form, or inchoate once the form of the atom was established."

"But it was cozy," sobbed Jonah. "You and me; I and thou."

"Now it shall be We are One."

"And shall I never call you father any more? And will I never hear you call me son again?" asked Jonah.

"You may call me," said God, agreeably, "anything you please. Would you like to discuss semantics?"

So Jonah found himself alone on the road to Nineveh. And yet he was not alone. For the gourd was with him, and the lungfish, and the stars. He knew that he was a man who had come out of the sea. And he knew that he was a man who had come out of the sun. And in Nineveh he took root, and he flowered in the expression of his consciousness until he died.

He married a Nineveh girl, of course. That goes without saying. They had a double ring ceremony and there was a slight confusion as she didn't know her right hand from her left. Otherwise everything went off without a hitch.

The man on the couch fell silent. After a while he sat up and started to grope with his feet for his shoes on the floor. Then he stood up, and slowly tied his shoelaces. Then he stood up, Well, I just wanted to talk about Jonah, he explained diffidently.

And then he bolted from the room.

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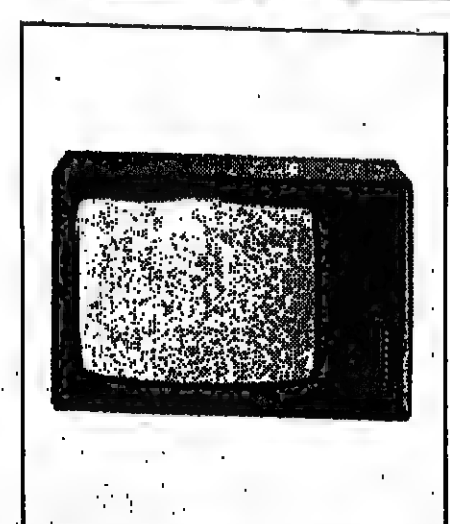
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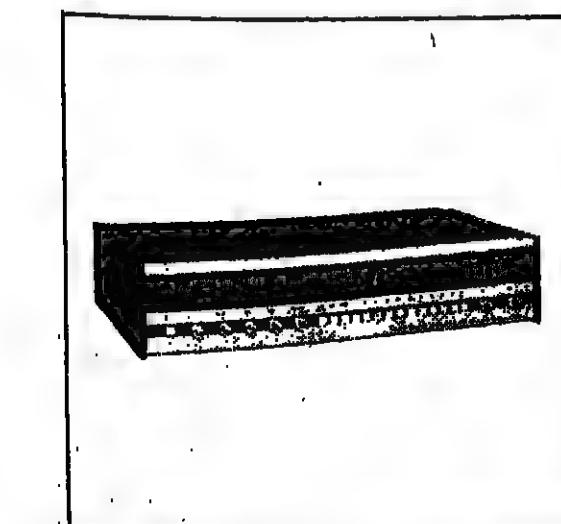


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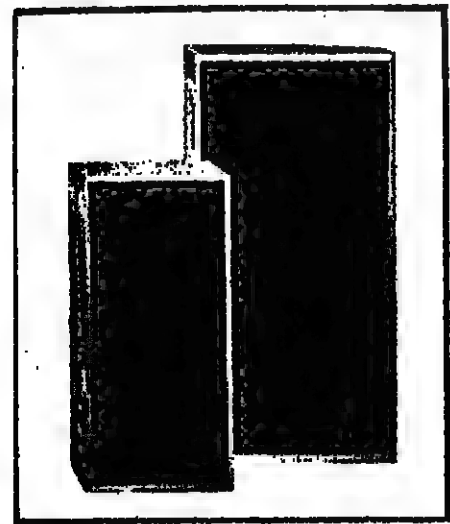
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Ephraim Kishon

THERE IS NO more uplifting and solemn feeling than to take your two smart kids to a free-wrestling fight between two never-before-beaten Semitic giants. And indeed, right on the outskirts of the city we sensed the importance of the event, as the drivers we met coming from the opposite direction started shouting at us through the window: "Don't bother, there are no tickets left!"

A smug smile played round our masculine lips, because personal invitations were smuggling in our pockets, three genuine seats in the Sports Palace located in Yad Eliahu the Prophet. I had received them from Raphael Halperin, the Fighting Rabbi, in person.

"Daddy," Amir, the red-head among my sons asked me, "wint sort of a clumpion is he?"

"General," I replied, "a general world champion."

My older son, Itai, analysed the phrase catch-as-catch-can and inquired whether everything was indeed permitted in this sort of fight? I assured him that anything was acceptable.

"Can you use a hammer?"

"Up to five kilos."

Undoubtedly, there was tension in the car. So was there outside the car, because all the parking lots in the Ramle-Lod area were solidly packed.

Amir was worried by the fatal question: Who would win: the Man of God Halperin or the Jordanian Giant Abu Antar (Weissberger)? The odds seemed about even: though the Arab was a little fat, Halperin was very angry. I could not escape the feeling that justice, that is Halperin, would win after all. Call it telepathy? Prophecy, who knows?

But why talk so much, in a few minutes we'd be seeing the fight of the century.

WHEN WE LEFT our car on the border of Abu Kabir and started a 30-minute hike towards the Palace, we realized that we were witnessing the greatest population move since the State was declared in 1948. While the windows of the stadium were rattling to the roar of the myriads who had succeeded in bursting in, outside, the Palace's praetorian guard were fighting the Twelve Tribes of Israel, men, women and children. Bunches of sports-lovers trying to get in were hanging on the gates, practically the whole population of the country plus some other freaks. Fathers were fighting their sons, brother against brother, brother-in-law against brother-in-law.

Here one caught a glimpse of a lone horse-head belonging to an animal which in happier times had carried a policeman; there, a group of rowdies wearing University of Ohio sweatshirts were sawing through the iron bars. It was a picture to remind you of the assault on Constantinople by the Sultan's legions, except that there, there were fewer Turks, and the atmosphere was calmer.

"You see, son," I said to Rafi, "this is what they call catch-as-catch-can."

We were standing in front of Gate No. 9, which was marked on our tickets. The drawbridge was lowered. Inside, in the stadium, the giant second-stringers were already demonstrating the skill and strength exercises preceding the main course. I felt uncharted springs of strength surging within my fragile body.

"Watch the little one," I threw at Rafi. "Follow me!"

Admittedly, I speak with a Hungarian accent and wear glasses, but, if necessary, I can be quite tough. I elbowed a path through the seething crowd, as if I were one of Gudorian's Panzer soldiers, flattened a number of gorillas, squashed a don't know how many cannibals and, if I am

not mistaken, even liquidated an Arab wearing a yarmulke.

We reached the gate at the end of our tether, but happy. Facing us was a company of yellow-shirted ushers and a reinforced police force.

"Here," I triumphantly waved my invitations. "We've got

at Halperin. What sort of behaviour was this, to invite a well-known journalist with his sons

and send them phoney invitations?"

To tell the truth, I was rooting a little for Abu Antar (Weissberger), hoping he would at least tear off one of Halperin's ears.

Catch-as-catch-can



tickets!"

"Beat it!" A huge usher pushed me aside, his eyes bloodshot.

"I've got tickets," I repeated.

I got such a slap in the face that the Tel Aviv Planetarium appeared before my eyes.

"Not now," a guardian of the gate shouted, and pushed me backwards, his paw covering my face from ear to ear.

"Officer," I appealed to a police sergeant the moment my face was again uncovered, "what should a man do who has tickets?"

"Bang!"

The sergeant's night-stick descended on my head with a muted thump. From behind, the young Turks were pushing me, while in front of me the guard was loading the Palace cannon. I looked back: where were my children? They had vanished under the feet of the rabble.

All right, so I'd get in by myself. I fought like a wounded white panther, but the numerical superiority of the hordes made itself felt: in a matter of seconds I found myself stretched out panting on the sidewalk. A police inspector from Jaffa saved me from certain death.

"Your tickets are not valid," he remarked as he dragged me away from danger. "And now go home!"

I remarked that I had received the invitations from the world champion in person, whereupon the inspector replied that he'd look into the matter. I could see that he was pondering whether to arrest me; but in the end, under the pressure of time, he decided against taking prisoners. My kids found me licking my wounds under heavy guard, and right away started yelling, Daddy, Daddy, buy us some corn!

The inspector checked my invitations again before confiscating them for good and asked me, his face lighting up, whether I was by any chance a relative of the writer? I replied that I was the writer himself, whereupon the man stopped closer and threw at me:

"Sit down here! I'll see whether I can do something to get you in later."

THE INSPECTOR left, calling for reinforcements through his walkie-talkie. I sat down on the sidewalk near Gate 9. It was still teeming with humanity. Had I not known that the evening's gate was earmarked for religious chattering, I would have been real mad

But from the roars coming out of the Palace, I understood that so far, only the rafters and the umpires were breaking down.

"Got a ticket?"

I am asked this question at the rate of once every five seconds. Two delinquent youths are facing me, practically in tears: they've walked all the way from Rishon to see this greatest show on earth and now here they are out in the cold.

Someone is offering his bicycle for a single ticket, a fully-grown Senegalese is offering himself in serfdom for the privilege of being admitted. The average price has stabilized at about IL100, but as the battle of the century itself is about to start, it jumps to IL150.

Suddenly, everybody rushes hopefully towards Gate No. 5: a platoon of hoods has uprooted a telephone pole and is now battering the iron gate with it. The whole neighbourhood is shaking with the impact. The police begin to fall back. This is what Herzl dreamt about.

"They are simply crazy," a quiet blond fellow says, and sits down

CULINARY NOTES

Haim Shapiro

Kippured Eggs

IN JUDAISM there have traditionally been two schools of thought on most issues: Hillel and Shammai, Hassidim and Mitnagdim, sweet gefilte fish or salty gefilte fish. The same is true of the way to end the Yom Kippur fast.

Some believe in eating lightly, others in gorging themselves and making up for 24 hours of fasting in one meal. Many readers no doubt already have their kreplach, chicken and kugel prepared in the refrigerator; but for others there is still hope.

A light meal is simpler to prepare and far better for the digestion. In fact, scrambled eggs at the end of the fast are just as tra-

ditional for some families as chicken soup is for others.

The scrambled egg is a truly fine and worthy dish and the fact that it is relatively easy to prepare is no excuse for carelessness or over-hastiness. On a festive and solemn occasion such as the break fast meal after Yom Kippur, the necessary extra two or three minutes of attention should certainly be given.

INTO A HEAVY pan over a very low fire put a generous amount of butter (not margarine), eggs, a little milk, salt and pepper. Chop-ped parsley and green onions, or a little curry powder are very welcome additions. Use at least two eggs per serving and "one for the pot."

The entire mixture should be cooked, not fried, very slowly over the low flame (some people even use a double boiler) and stirred constantly with a fork, or preferably, a wooden spoon. The true connoisseur will remove the eggs from the heat while they are still not quite firm, after which they will set slightly. Children and others with uncultivated palates may want the eggs cooked a little longer.

Freshly made coffee and toast are suitable accompaniments.

Translated by Yohanan Goldner
By arrangement with "Ma'ariv"

TORA AND FLORA L.I. Rabinowitz

Hunger in the midst of plenty



THE TITLE of this article is adapted from a passage in the traditional prayers of Yom Kippur, when we pray that "in our plenty there shall not be hunger."

According to Philo of Alexandria, the first-century Hellenist Jewish philosopher, however, one of the reasons for the observance of Yom Kippur is specifically that in our plenty there shall be hunger! He opens his description of this fast with the words:

"After the Feast of Trumpets, the solemnity of the fast is celebrated, and this Moses has called the greatest of the festivals, calling it, in his national language, the Sabbath of Sabbaths."

He proceeds to give the reason for the celebration of the fast, which explains "the time at which this fast is fixed to take place," and it is based upon a perceptive observation of the agricultural calendar of Eretz Israel.

We all know that Sukkot celebrates the ingathering of the harvest, when the farmers streamed to Jerusalem on a pilgrimage of thanksgiving. Philo makes the reasonable deduction that by Sukkot, which falls only five days from Yom Kippur, the harvest has already been substantially gathered in, for how otherwise could the farmer leave home and go on a pilgrimage? Accordingly, he says, "By this season all the fruits which the earth has produced during the whole year are gathered in."

And on this basis he makes his point. "And therefore, to proceed at once to devour what has been produced, Moses looked upon as an act of greediness; but to fast and abstain from touching food, he considered a mark of perfect piety."

In other words, there is no virtue in abstaining from food when none is available, but it shows a signal abstinence to abstain when one's granary is full to overflowing. For "no one may suppose that the interpreter of God's word is enjoining hunger, the most intolerable of all evils, but only a brief cutting off of the stream which flows into the channels of the body," a temporary stoppage of the otherwise "uninterrupted use of food inundating the body which 'contributes to confuse the reason.'"

This "it was fitting that when the supply of all things had turned out according to the wishes of the people, and become completed, amid the abundance of their harvest they should preserve a commemoration of the previous want by abstinence from food."

THE TELEPHONE rings next morning. The inspector from Jaffa:

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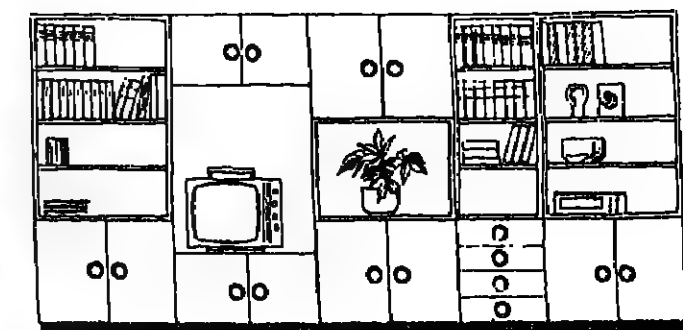
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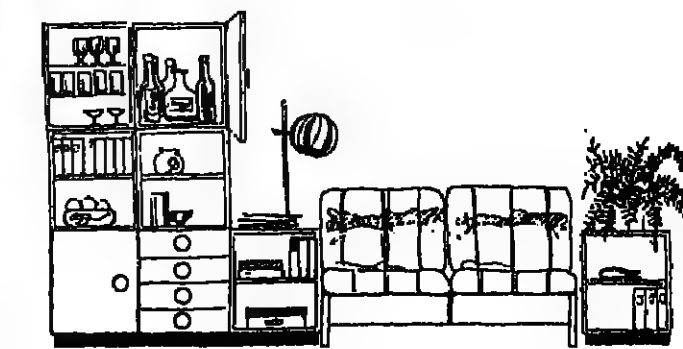
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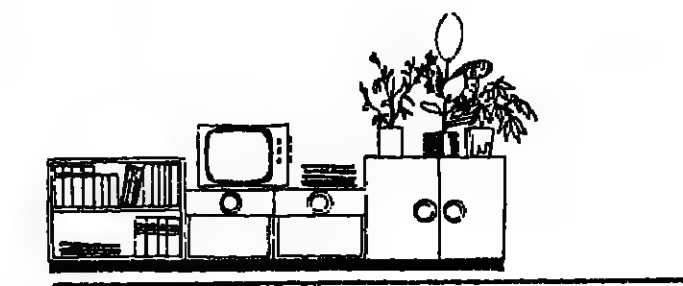
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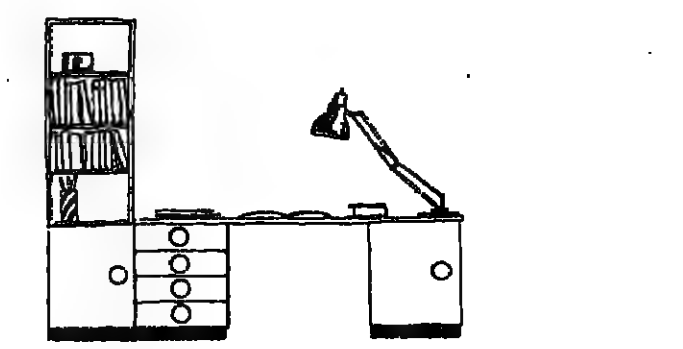
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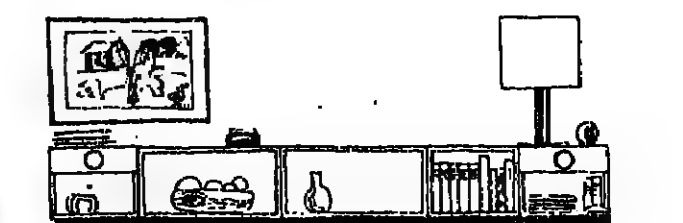
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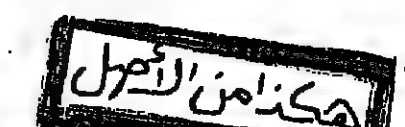
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danish interiors

Tel-Aviv: 26, Trumpeldor
Ramat-Gan: 104, Derech Jabotinsky
Jerusalem: 3, Hasoreg opp. Bank Israel
Haifa: 53, Horev, Ahuza
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FOUR FORECASTS

Catherine Rosenheimer

FOR AT LEAST two seasons now, the powers that be in fashion have been proclaiming: back to a ladylike look, classic lines and good workmanship to the fore, clothes that look good without gimmicks. Could it all be just an excuse for a lack of fresh ideas, one begins to wonder? With a new season about to start, I decided to check it all out, and turned to four designers in four totally different fashion fields to hear their views of and to get an idea of the new collections, some already in the shops, others to be launched very soon.

Here is what they had to say — and show:

DEBORAH BAR-NIR'S name is a new one where the Israeli fashion scene is concerned. Born here, she finished the army then studied fashion at the Parsons Design School in New York. After a couple of years sketching and copywriting for the "New York Times" fashion pages, she opened an antique shop. Her love is divided between fashion and furniture. In 1988, she returned to the former, moving to Paris, where she worked in the prêt-à-porter de-luxe field, styling for Chloé under designer Karl Lagerfeld, and later moving to the house of Yves St. Laurent.

She returned to Tel Aviv last December and set up a small salon and workroom of her own. Her taste for French chic, style and cut has remained, and she admits to a love of luxury: furs, and fine, imported, couture fabrics, be they silk, taffetas, voiles, chiffons or gaberdines.

"I could never go into mass production, it's just not my style," she says, and though at present she works only for private customers, she has plans for making a limited edition wholesale collection, to be sold through stores.

One of her best lines consists of snugly-fitting jackets, in fur combined with leather, suede or knits.

"It started five years ago when I cut up an old mink cape of my own. There wasn't enough for a sleeve, so I re-styled it into a fitted jacket with sleeves in heavy rib knit." This first experiment has now developed into a complete line of models, all with the "luxurious, plushy look" which she likes to much — at the same time trim, chic and wearable. She will make them from any customer's old fur coat, provided the skin is in reasonable condition.

For this winter, she sees the line in jackets as slightly longer than last year's waist-hugging styles, reaching to just below the waistline — some fitted, others flaring slightly — and a rich look in the furs themselves, principally long-haired ones. Where the jacket is trimmed in leather, she will match it up to pants or skirts in the same hide — similarly with suede or fabric. Many of her skirt styles revert to the button-through mid style — she believes in lengths ranging from just above the knee to Chanel length. "The maxi is for the



(Right) Magenta on pale mauve from the colour scheme for two shirts, one a brief battledress, the second classic, in cotton polyester weave, designed by Jerry Melitz for Baruch.

(Opposite) High waisted bib-and-brace top skirt in black with red, black and white embroidered applique makes an ideal uniformity style, teamed with a black on red silky polka dot shirt. Ruth Jolles for Aphrodite.

(Above, left) Classic, tailored, bodyline shirts in fine fabrics are a favourite for designer Deborah Bar-Nir. Seen here, a typical blouse in a Dior chiffon fabric, pink and white flowers patterning a black ground.

(Below, left) Blue denim battledress with yellow Eiffel Tower embroidery for him; suede look blazer suit in beige with heavy brown outline stitching for her: both are actually interchangeable. Designed by Theo Neuman for Ayala.



'back-to-the-farm' brigade, not for me."

For evening she shows wrap-over skirts with a petal line at centre front; a typical one is a Givenchy taffeta with a bold floral print on a black ground. The skirt fastened with a diamante brooch or artificial flower, is teamed with a fine black chiffon blouse. One of her favourite "fun" ideas for evening is to team the blouse with a matching bra top, which can, if you're brave enough, be worn on its own.

A FASHION designer and writer, Ruth Jolles launched her own very successful maternity wear business three years ago, initially to cater for herself. Aphrodite is now virtually the only Israeli company producing really fashionable maternity clothes, the secret probably being her ability to adapt and translate "in" looks to pregnancy proportions, to exploit any suitable current fashion style for maternity purposes. Seen here are two styles typical of the new autumn and winter collection.

With the waist raised to near-Empire line, the popular dungaree-top skirt makes an ideal maternity style, which appears in many versions with different blouses, so that one outfit has lots of switch-around possibilities. Tunics, too, are very popular at Aphrodite now, to wear as dresses on their own, topping pants, or over sweaters. Some come in soft-textured plain angora-like fabrics sometimes with an off-centre pocket on the skirt, sometimes with flower embroideries in contrast colours.

To go with many of the pin-flores are shirt tunics in men's shirting checks; they look good with teaming plain-coloured dresses, and can also be worn outside, over pants. A new idea in a maxi-length outfit is a skirt in a soft baroque check fabric in red, purple and orange with a purple needlecord tunic, to wear casually over a sweater or, more formally, above a tailored skirt. With a birthrate boom predicted for this year, Aphrodite are doing their utmost to cater for an ever-growing clientele. The results look good!

WITH A seven-year "doctorate" training in fashion in his native Paris and in Germany, Theo Neuman came to Israel, married, and with the birth of his daughter, Ayala, decided to move into the field of children's wear designing. The result was a company named after Ayala, firmly backed by father-in-law Shalom Akiva, who has years of experience in the manufacture of couture tailored clothes. His workmanship and production know-how, combined with Theo's taste for "grown up" styles translated for small sizes, and the administrative capabilities of his wife Nili, have made Ayala one of the brightest and best of the local children's wear producers.

The clothes are not cheap — the workmanship in them is comparable to the best in adult ready-to-wear, and closer examination

proves that no effort is spared where finish and quality are concerned. In case anyone complains that there are nicer styles for children than for adults, the size range goes from age 2 up to size 38, which caters not only for teenagers, but for slim adults too.

Theo sees the coming season as "a strong continuation of the popular jeans look — with some innovations." They include battledress and pants suits in blue denim, the jacket overprinted in yellow with a calendar design or embroidered. There are brushed denim pants suits in pale blue or light brick with a big black "Yes" imprinted on the jacket backs. The safari jacket, cut with a half belt at back and an inverted riding-jacket pleat beneath, as well as the blazer, are found in lots of pants suits — most of them unisex, needless to say.

Other pants, sold on their own, feature heavy zips for fly fastenings and hipline pockets — the cut is very French, uniformly clean and well-fitting.

Dresses are rare, but there are plenty of sporting little skirts, again trimmed with heavy zips at centre front, looking best in suede-finish fabrics. "Pretty" clothes are just not Theo's thing: He claims to be one of the only designers to use black for children's clothes — for two-year-olds.

Best of all, his clothes are generally tough and practical, which makes even LL30 invested in a child's suit a good bet when the style is a sporting enough to get really good wear from it and the quality up to plenty of seasons of rough treatment and a good few "handing downs" from child to child.

JERRY MELITZ needs little introduction — though he is a newcomer where commercial menswear ranges are concerned, and has just been commissioned to design a complete line of men's shirts for Baruch. Textile design is always his strong point, and unusually effective patterns and colour combinations run right through the range, where styles range from T-shirts to battle-dress shirts with elasticized waists, zip-front sports shirts, and plenty which are just good, classic shirt tailoring in unusual fabrics. Fun motifs include totem-pole type bird designs and vintage cars. A magnified knitting stitch interlock comes in two tones of green or blue for a white-ground, white-collared, casual style.

Jerry's summary of the shirt collection: "No rules and regulations, bar the fact that virtually anything goes in patterns and colours, provided the styling is sleek and near-classic. Designs can be as fancy as you like — cuts must be skilful but clean in line, otherwise the result is pure fancy dress."

Pants note: he shows his whole collection with either high-waisted Oxford bags, albeit modified in their bagginess, or with wide bell-bottoms, high-waisted and fitted snugly until below the hipline.

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A FEW WEEKS before Rosh Hashana, in the pre-dawn stillness of the Old City of Jerusalem, a 17-year-old high-school girl named Rina visited the Western Wall. She was handed a blue scarf to cover her bare shoulders and a prayerbook almost in shreds.

Joining the scattered clusters of worshippers near the holy site, she walked slowly, unsure of what she was supposed to do. As she touched the Wall, cool and moist from the early morning dew, an elderly woman at her side told her to pray.

"But I can't," said Rina innocently. "We were never taught how to pray in school."

She was one of 40 Israeli students attending a marathon two-day learning experience at the Old City's Centre for Jewish Consciousness. Established and funded by the Religious Affairs department of the Histadrut, it is designed to heighten their awareness of Judaism as a treasure of faith and cultural heritage. Two thousand boys and girls, aged 13 and from 16 to 19, have passed through the Centre since it opened in January, 1972, and about 4,500 more are expected to participate in the programme in the coming year.

"I wrote to about 100 high-school principals, asking if they would be interested in such a programme," Elazar Sturm, the centre's young director, told me. "It seems they were aware that something important was missing from their curricula, because 80 sent back positive replies."

Whole classes from schools all over the country were selected and invited for periods ranging from two days to a fortnight. The nominal fee of 11.6 per day paid by each student covers only a fraction of the cost of lectures and board and lodging at a nearby youth hostel.

The Centre, just a few steps away from the Rabbi Yohanan ben Zakai Synagogue, was the first building in the Old City to be renovated after the Six Day War. With its old-fashioned arched windows and vaulted ceilings,

Teaching Jewish consciousness



Judy Siegel

set off by freshly-whitewashed walls, the two-story structure is a perfect setting for this mingling of the old and the new, the unaccustomed and the familiar.

I JOINED IN on the 14 hours of sessions attended by Rina, her classmates and their Jewish history teacher, all of whom come from one of the most progressive secular high schools in Tel Aviv.

Dressed in the ubiquitous uniform of the young — coloured shirts and faded jeans — the students sat attentively on chairs or cross-legged on the tiled floor. Some even took copious notes. "It isn't enough to be born in a Jewish State to understand what it means to be Jewish,"

said Mr. Sturm in his opening remarks. "The Bible is taught in your school as if it were secular literature. To some of you, Judaism is the closing of theatres on Shabbat, or religious fanatics throwing stones at people who drive their cars on Shabbat. You should only decide what you want to believe when you know the real facts about it."

The polarization and suspicion between many religious and secular Israelis is well known. On Shabbat, they separate; one group walks to the synagogue and the other boards a taxi or private automobiles for a trip to the beach. Much of the antipathy results from a simple lack of knowledge about religious practice and belief.

"The main purpose of the lectures," explained Mr. Sturm, "is to motivate the students to seek out this information."

The pool of 15 paid speakers is a mixed bag of Ph.D.s, rabbis

and doctoral students from Israel and abroad. Some are Orthodox, but for others, religiosity is supplanted by a firm belief in the importance of Judaism as an inherited culture and spirit. Even Mr. Sturm only wears his little black kippa during sessions.

The subjects include religion and state, Kabbala, Zionism, Jewish philosophy, folklore and music, Hassidism and logic. The level of discussion depends upon the age and the interests of the students. Dr. Ben-Zion Apfeldorfer, who studied at Bar-Ilan University, the Weizmann Institute and the Technion, gave them a lesson on logic as a tool in the study of Jewish philosophy.

There was also a stimulating talk by Rabbi Paul Laderman, former activist Hillel Foundation director at the University of California (Berkeley), who related the conflicts he had with some of his fellow Jews over the Vietnam war and the mistreatment of

Mexican farm workers.

The lectures by Avi Ravitzky and Dr. Moshe Samet on religion and state in Israel, and one by Elazar Sturm on the philosophy of Martin Buber, were particularly lively.

ONE OF the most notable features of the seminar was its democratic atmosphere. And the teachers made no attempts to convert. "We don't tell them to wear sheitls or tefillin, but we try to show them the intellectual side of Jewish tradition and folklore," explained Mr. Sturm.

I was surprised that the students were not told to wash their hands before lunch or recite the grace after meals. Rabbi Menahem Hacohen, director of the Histadrut's Religious Affairs department, commented: "We must first show them there is something to bless; only then can we hope that they will want to do so on their own."

"I discovered a new world," exclaimed a boy who said his only contact with Jewish tradition was reciting the Four Questions every year at his grandmother's Seder table.

"I had never thought much about the subject before," said a girl named Riki. "I learned that I must know a great deal more about Jewish life before I can decide what I believe."

One 18-year-old who stated at the beginning that "I admit that I'm a Jew, and I can't free myself from it," modified his position a bit. By the end of the seminar he conceded: "Maybe there is something to search for in Judaism."

Whether they were convinced or not, their curiosity points up a gap in their education, something that may affect the very shape of the State of Israel in the years to come.

"How do you see the future of religion in the Jewish State?" I asked Elazar Sturm. "That is a very important question," he answered tersely, thus implying that Israelis should spend more time thinking about it.

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FRIDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1973

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN

מכאן אל תפסיק

مکذا

Cardiologists rejoice

ers who made some of the errors our boys did. Ah, well, other times, other customs — we have to adapt to the Israeli code if we are to be integrated citizens.

In passing, I found myself wishing that the crowd would boo the Israelis while they were having their free throws; the opponents invariably scored despite the catcalls, while the Israeli throws were extremely erratic and unreliable, the errors culminating in Berkowitz's critical miss.

FRIDAY
NO BROADCASTS

SATURDAY

8.00 Humayd, 8.30 Mahat, 8.35 Anti-Socialism in the United States (repeat)
 8.40 Ironside, 9.00 Mahat Sport.
 10.30 News, A.M.A.R.I.; 7.00 Messages to relatives and friends, 7.30 News and current affairs.

SUNDAY

5.30 News, 5.32 The Brady Bunch, 6.00
01-01-01, 8.00 Election Propaganda, 8.30
Mabou, 8.50 Documentary "The Drifting
of the Continents," 9.40 Drama "Let's

7.51 Kamayan

10.15 Sur Le Pont. 11.05 Algebra
 11.25 Maths. 5. 12.00 English 10. 1.00
 Technical Drawing 9. 1.40 Chess
 lesson 6. 4.00 English 9. 4.21 Science 5.
 4.35 Chess — lesson 5. 4.53 Maths. Name:
 5.08 Electricity 10.

MONDAY

6.30 News, 6.32 Pompano, 6.40 The Time Tunnel, 6.00 Election Propaganda, 6.33 Mabat, 6.50 The Third Hour - "The Carthagen," 12.00 News, ARABIC, 6.3 News Headlines, 6.33 Sport, 7.12 Protractor, 7.22 Programme Review, 7.3 Hamadan Unit, 7.30 News and current affairs, EDUCATIONAL, 8.10 English 6.06 Geometry 6. 8.25 Science/Physics

RADIO/Ze'ev Schul

Nostalgia à la Russe

IF ONLY THE Russians would
sing more and talk less!
Taking a deep swig of the
heady Ukrainian (and other

to us by Gilead Ben-Shach on the Second Programme, at 4:05 p.m. last Friday, we found ourselves swept off our feet and carried away by waves of nostal-

10 — maybe 20 or 30 — years from now to discuss the subject again, and meanwhile, let time do its work.

Count me out. I can just envisage Madame de Philippe attempting to produce "The Ring" in full — Brunhilde, Siegfried, the lot — in the winter season of 2003-04. What a prospect.

THIS WEEK'S listening was of course dominated to a large extent by the "Vienna Affair" — and last but certainly not least — the Israeli basketball team in Barcelona/Badelona, knocking the Poles from here to kingdom come and receiving in return a sounder drubbing at the hands of the towering Russians. Good and exciting listening, and excellent commentaries by Gideon Hod.

As to Vienna, I received most of my version of the story straight from the horse's mouth, in a manner of speaking. That is to say, from the Austrian State Radio. By Sunday, it seemed as if this was a purely Austrian-Israeli confrontation. The Arabs weren't even given an honourable mention, and it almost looked (according to Radio Vienna) as if we were to be blamed for it all.

No doubt the "Palestinian Eagles" won this particular show. I only wish that Ambassador Patish had been a bit more outspoken in his initial reaction, as recorded by the Austrians.

By the way—a comparison of Vienna and the Shidurei Yisrael newspaper revealed that our two news items were missing most of the game and treating the Australians with kid gloves they did not deserve. A good many of the names and places were hopelessly muddled, and details were missing. The Israelis, for instance, did not tell us who the amputee hostage was, and hardly mentioned that another of them was an invalid, sick with "Bleeders" kidney (the "Bleeders" would not even let her relieve herself; surely this was no time to be delicate), or that the two hostages who escaped were the two hostages who escaped were a mother and child.

FROM THE TECHNICAL point of view, the broadcasts were as smooth as a Russian basketball's throw. Despite initial nervousness, the combination of Jerusalem and Badolana worked very smoothly. I could have done without the long, remote shots of the court from way up high during which we could not see what was happening, and sometimes the camera, like the Israeli defenders, missed a ball going into the net, but these were minor irritants.

It would have been interesting if David Shilon had interviewed more of the supporters backing our team; we only heard from one of them who had gone to Badalona from London. How many made a special trip to Spain? What did they do when there were not watching basketball? Who in the group were Spaniards, Jews, as distinct from the Israelis? Were the pretty girls in casual products or visitors from the Holy Land? It would also have been worth while for him to talk to some of the opponents who would have been instructive to hear what the trainees of the other teams thought of us. Our own trainer, Avraham Hemen, was a model of modesty.

Now we can look forward to Saturday night to keep vigil again. Let us hope that the Israelis will have developed the killer instinct at last, and will not let up for a moment.

With so much sport, it seems
churchlike to complain, but I cannot
understand why we have not seen
the Billie Jean King — Barbara
Riggs duel for the women's world
tennis crown. Perhaps the mer-
its who run TV House decided to
suppress what was obviously
Women's Lib plot. I saw Barbara
play many years ago against Billie
Budge, and it is clear that she
is a wolf in wolf's clothing and
using wolf whistles: the defec-
touches, long shots from the base-
line and lobbs were essentially fer-
mine shots. Billie, I suspect, is
a man. The names support this
thesis, but I would like to have
it confirmed by seeing a film or

THE BOOK of Jonah was used as the basis for an experimental film and discussion which thought very successful indeed. The dancing and the dramatic declamation of the narrative were

well done, and the photographic work was imaginative and original. Particularly effective was one showing of Jonah's face lit up by a whitish background, with a black circle around it, and further light be-

With Professor David Flusser as commentator, I knew in advance that we would get fascinating and illuminating insights he duly reached the very high standard he has always set for himself. I hope this is the precursor of many such programmes to come.

LAST THURSDAY night we were given a preview of Israel in the year 2,000 C.E. which looked far too like Israel in the year 1977 for comfort. The prophets drew

straight lines through topical developments to reach conclusions that seem to be inevitable. It might seem to be rather like Jonah's description of what Nineveh could expect in 40 days. But surely it is possible that things may change radically in the next 27 years. After all, Nineveh was spared - why should not Israel be?

AS THE ISRAELI basketballers frittered away a chance after a chance of victory over Turkey on Tuesday night, there must have been some consolation for them in the knowledge that they were not alone in their own fields. It is fortunate for us that this allergy does not extend to battlefields with gallant defeats.

any night, there must have been some basketball going on among the cardiologists in the country: I would hate to see statistics reflecting how many heart attacks coincided with Tai Brodie, Micky Berkowitz, Barry Leibowitz and the others throwing away the match. All right, but I would like to win against Poland; but who could remember that, when Berkowitz muffed that all-important free throw which would have won the game against the U.S.?

Despite the unpardonable lapses at critical moments, the performances in Badelona must rank among the most memorable in Israel's sporting history: they seriously provided our television station with its finest hour of honour must be Dan Shilon, Shimon Tessler and their aides for six unforgettable hours — it was hardly their fault that somebody obviously managed to drug

Sporting fiction abounds with subtle schemes to drug opponents — add a little morphia to the water they drink or spit out, or dip their towels in it, and you get the kind of performances

that the Israeli players put up both times congratulating him when they stood at 29 against self on his impartiality and him the Russians; or while they plodded fine sporting spirit. The booing and whistling while at the beginning of the Russians and Turks were second half against Turkey. After having free throws at the bus, the crowd was in a somewhat

Watergate, drug-dealing at basketball should be child's play.

I had second thoughts. I doubt whether my comments were needed to bother with drugs; they could just rely on the notorious Israeli army against winning in sport.

Over two decades, how often have we seen stories about the grasp on power, riches and influence

kast was revelling to admit to himself. He said he would not be trained to say "No good to me," as a polite hand-clap, say, or batman hit my subtle googly eye, or six men, or a little opponent hammer back my smash with contemptuous ease.

Over his hand, I must apply the crowd's charity to him, own: British spectators would

TEMPORARY RESIDENTS

TEL-AVIV
IS YOUR HOME
PLEASE TAKE NOTE
THAT FOR THE FIRST
TIME YOU HAVE THE
RIGHT TO VOTE IN
THE FORTHCOMING ELECTIONS
FOR THE MAYOR
AND THE COUNCIL
OF TEL-AVIV

VOTE **ДДА** VOTE FOR

Y. RABINOVITZ
REMEMBER ACTIONS SPEAK
LOUDER THAN WORDS

هكذا من العمل

BUY A FLAT FROM SHIKUN OVDIM—A FLAT FOR GENERATIONS



3 generations have been brought up in Shikun Ovdim flats. Shikun Ovdim has been building flats, houses and new quarters in Israel for more than 40 years.

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Buy a flat in a Shikun Ovdim. A pleasant flat in a planned development. A well built flat, a flat for generations.

With a little help from my friends...

Lea Levavi



The housewife, however, did not tell her husband. "When I arrived with the visitors, the husband met me at the door and asked me who they were and what they wanted. Luckily he asked in Russian and they didn't understand. When I told him they were from a nearby moshav, he was very angry: how dare I bring farmers to his house? I had to explain that we view moshavniks as lords, not as peasants. Anyway, to make a long story short, the two families got on beautifully and the husband, who is an upholsterer, has now told me he wants to make them a chair as a present."

HOW DOES this programme differ from the many "adoption" schemes carried out by other voluntary organizations and individuals, where Israeli families invite and visit immigrant families of similar age and background?

Most of the other work is one-time. Immigrant families are invited for a holiday or for a single visit. Here, if the two families "click," mutual visits are very frequent, usually at least once a week.

Though simple friendship and social absorption is one of the motives, it is not the only one. "I worked in Vienna for eight months with Russian immigrants on their way to Israel," Mrs. Vorman told me (that, of course was a paid job).

They have been through a great deal in Russia and when they arrive here, they tend to get overly excited the minute things go wrong or are difficult. We have to understand that, and someone has to help reduce the tension. You heard the way that man was shouting when he came about his problems in getting the loan.

I reminded her that immigrants usually resent being patted on the head and told "everything will be all right" when their problems seem overwhelming. "But you don't understand. Our volunteers don't do that. They give real examples of people the immigrants know in the same neighbourhood, people who have got settled sooner or later. Besides, many of our volunteers have good contacts and can really help solve problems, such as finding jobs."

Georgian immigrants don't seem to take to the scheme, says Mrs. Vorman. "Of the three Georgian families we tried to match up with volunteers, only one pair of families got on together. Some say it would work if we found religious families; others say the obstacle is the Georgian language."

Not every family wants or needs the service, and of course it is forced on no one. Twelve volunteers now work in the absorption centre in Afula, where there are 200 families. With each volunteer able to handle only one or two families in this intensive scheme, additional volunteers are being recruited to work there. Others work with immigrant families settled in flats in the Afula area.

"We try to bring entire families together, which is why we match up the ages of the children and the husbands' occupations when this is possible. Of course, with moshavniks and kibbutzniks, this cannot be done. However, the sometimes only the wife visits the immigrant family's home. On the return visit, of course, the volunteer's entire family participates."

The Centre plans to start similar projects in Netanya, Ashdod and Beit Shemesh in the near future.

TWO-IN-ONE CROSSWORD

Use the same diagram for either the Easy or the Cryptic puzzle.

EASY PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. Merged net (5)
2. Wash through (5)
3. Willfully derided (7)
4. Two (5)
5. Slightly dried (6)
6. Inevitable (5)
7. Extend (7)
8. Sign of the Zodiac (3)
9. Very brave (5)
10. Thin porridge (5)
11. Fruit (5)
12. Calamitous (4)
13. Part of the head (3)
14. Paid a call upon (7)
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25. Renouncement (7)
26. Object of worship (4)
27. Gloomily silent (5)
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29. Part (5)
30. Rustic (5)
31. Custom - annals (5)
32. Dancer (5)
33. Spanish nobleman (7)
34. Occur (5)
35. Strip (5)
36. Save (5)
37. View (5)
38. Dismiss of for money (4)
39. In favour of (5)
40. Blunt (5)

DOWN
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31. Custom - annals (5)
32. Dancer (5)
33. Spanish nobleman (7)
34. Occur (5)
35. Strip (5)
36. Save (5)
37. View (5)
38. Dismiss of for money (4)
39. In favour of (5)
40. Blunt (5)

1. Merged net (5)
2. Wash through (5)
3. Willfully derided (7)
4. Two (5)
5. Slightly dried (6)
6. Inevitable (5)
7. Extend (7)
8. Sign of the Zodiac (3)
9. Very brave (5)
10. Thin porridge (5)
11. Fruit (5)
12. Calamitous (4)
13. Part of the head (3)
14. Paid a call upon (7)
15. Slow creature (5)
16. Tale (5)
17. Small coins (5)
18. Postal communications (7)
19. Try to catch (5)
20. Additional (5)
21. Well earned (5)
22. Mix (5)
23. Bird-like (7)
24. Not old (5)
25. Renouncement (7)
26. Object of worship (4)
27. Gloomily silent (5)
28. Mild - tempered (5)
29. Part (5)
30. Rustic (5)
31. Custom - annals (5)
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BRIDGE

By George Levin

THERE is more than one moral in today's story. Perhaps it is "We learn by our mistakes," or "Don't play with your wife (husband)" or "Beware of the grand slam" or "Trust your partner," or "Know your conventions," or "Bridge is not solitaire," or best of all perhaps "Don't be stubborn." Any one of these morals might well be the theme of a bridge column, but here we find all of them applicable in a never to be forgotten deal.

Today's deal was played in a rubber bridge game at the Meadon Haele in Haifa:

North: 10 9 8 3
South: A Q 6 5
West: 7 4
East: J 6 5 2
Mrs. Anita Rittenberg
South (D)
A K 8 6
A K J 9 8 6 5 2

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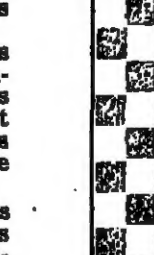
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Friday, October 5, 1973

Problem No. 246

ALBERTO MARI, Italy

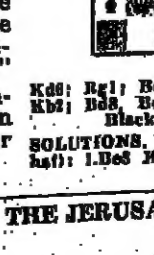


White to move in two (3x)

Problem No. 248

HULT - LUNDIN

Stockholm, 1947



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